שיר — השירים *Shir ha shirim*

OR THE

SONG of SONGS;

BEING A

PARAPHRASE

Upon the most Excellent

CANTICLES of SOLOMON

In a Pindarick

POEM.

By John Lloyd A. M. *Vicar of* Holy Roods *in* Southampton, *formerly of* Wadham *Colledge in* Oxon.

To which is Annext another late Pindarick *ODE*, being an Hymn on the Works of the Six Days, by the same Author.

Psal. 45. 10, 11.

Hearken, O Daughter, and consider, and incline thine Ear; forget also thine own people, and thy Father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy Beauty, *for he is thy Lord, and Worship thou him*; or, (as it is in our Translation from the *Septuagint*) *He is thy Lord God, and Worship thou him.*

Mart. Epig. 42. lib. 1. *ad Lividum.*

Qui ducis vultus, & non legis ista libenter,
Omnibus invideas, livide, nemo tibi.

LONDON,

Printed by *H. H.* for *Henry Faithorne*, and *John Kersey*, at the Sign of the *Rose* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1682.

To the much Honoured my Lady *Ann Newland*, Wife to the Right Worſhipful Sir *Benjamin Newland*, All Health and Happyneſs.

MADAM,

SOme Years are paſt ſince I took the boldneſs upon me of Dedicating this ſhort Poem to your Ladyſhip, only in Writing; which, being ſo Kindly Entertain'd then, has given me hopes that your Ladyſhip will be pleas'd to accept of it now in another Dreſs, and give it your Kind Protection; which is (Madam) the very height of the Ambition of,

Your Ladyſhips moſt Humble, and Obedient Servant,

John Lloyd.

TO THE
READER.

THE Occasion of this Epistle is to do this Poem Justice; For being Committed privately to a Friend in *London* (and not intended to trouble the Press) it was, under pretence of being only borrow'd (as the Gentleman who lent it sends me word) Wrote out by a Stranger, and Printed without my leave, and his Knowledge; with not so much as an Epistle, Introduction, Name, or Key to it: And not only so, but owned by that same Person (as I hear) for a thing of his own Composure: Of whom I may say (as *Martial* of his Plagiary (*Epig.* 39. *lib.* 1.)

Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine, Libellus,
Sed malè cùm recitas incipit esse tuus.

Sed obnoxij profecto animi, & infelicis ingenij est deprendi in furto malle quam mutuum reddere, præsertim cùm fors fiat, says *Plinie.*

¶ Upon this account I have Printed the Original, and given in *the Advertisement* some reasons which moved me first to take these Songs into Consideration; to which I refer you.

THE

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Famous *Rupert*, *Abbot* of the Monaſtery of *Tuitia* (one of the Order of St. *Benedict*) in his Prologue to the Canticles (*De incarnatione Domini*) gives us ſeveral reaſons why he ſpent ſo much labour, in that excellent Paraphraſe of his, upon *Solomon's Song*. *Coram Regina Cœlorum loquor &c. Sedebam quaſi ſolitarius, per viſum noctis &c.* He calls the Bleſſed Virgin (whom he took here, for the Spouſe, as *Michael Ghiſler* all along after him, in his Comments (*viz.*) *Expoſitione quarta; De Tertia Sponſa quæ eſt Beata Maria*) to atteſt what he had ſpoken (*viz.*) That ſitting ſolitary in the night ſeaſon, he fell into a kind of Trance, whilſt a ſoft whiſpering Air convey'd to him this Diſtick (more remarkable from the Abbots Quotation, than from its own goodneſs)

Fœmina mente Deum concepit, corpore Chriſtum;
Integra fudit eum nil operante viro.

Coming (as he ſays) to himſelf afterwards, he told ſome of his Friends what he had ſeen, and heard; whoſe encouragement ſeconding this Oracle, ſet him to work; and as it luckily happen'd out. Another at this ſame time had ſunk into a Viſion

alſo, in which he ſaw Jeſus Chriſt (as they tell us) ſitting upon his Altar with a numerous Army of Saints, and Martyrs attending him; And this Father (*Rupert*) plac't near to our bleſſed Lord, with *Cantica Canticorum*, in his hands. Now, I have no ſuch Viſion to boaſt of, being plac't ſome Centuries nearer the period of Times, and ceaſing of Viſions than this Learned *Abbot* was; and therefore muſt look for ſome other Apology; eſpecially if I look to the purity of Modern Poets in this Nature, and the evil Palates of our later times.

What concerns the former, if they deal as fairly by this, as I have done by moſt of their Writings, I ſhall be freed from all unworthy, and diſingenious Cenſures; and as to the others they may do well to remember, that Scriptures of Divine Inſpiration muſt not be fool'd with; that the Sacred Writings are like Edg'd-Tools, which will cut the fingers of them who unwarily (much more wilfully) meddle with them to Wreſt, Debauch, or Prophane them; and let them conſider, that the *Philiſtines* got no advantage to themſelves, by firſt putting out the Eyes of *Samſon*, and afterwards making their mows at the *Nazarite*. I know how peccant many a one has been in his Poems, and therefore to them I ſhall only ſay, as an Ancient Father formerly did to ſome of his days —— *Quum prævaricator es, non debes judicare alium ut prævaricatorem; judicem enim ſuperiorem oportet eſſe naturâ, peccante.* And what concerns the other ſort of Prophane Wits, I can only turn them over to one as looſe as themſelves, I mean *Martial*, to ſee what he ſays in

his

his Epiſtle to his *Epigrams* —— *Improbè facit qui in alieno libro ingenioſus eſt:* If an Heathen could ſay ſo much to ſecure his laſcivious Pages—(*Laſciva eſt nobis Pagina:*—) What Arguments can be too cloſely preſt in a defence of theſe Sacred *Canticles?* The firſt reaſon I had of beginning the Paraphraſe was becauſe this Sacred Song had been ſo much decry'd by *Grotius*, and abus'd by others; the former putting it ſo far from the Language of the Holy Ghoſt, that he will needs perſuade the world, it was only a Formal piece of Courtſhip to an *Ægyptian* Miſtreſs; and the others (by their Meter) levelling it with an ordinary *Ballad*; who, inſtead of bringing forth the Spouſe to her Beloved, in Embroidered Garments, with her rich Needle-work, have only expoſed her, and that Faireſt of Ten Thouſand to people of the world in the vileſt of Pilgrims weeds. The firſt unhappy Verſion that I met with was that of Maſter *Beza*, (*viz.*) his Trochaic Verſion: in which he has too too much condeſcended to the ſofteſt of Heathen Poetry, as if he had concluded, with old *Catullus*—

Caſtum decet eſſe pium Poetam ipſum,
Verſiculos nihil neceſſe eſt.

Which gave an occaſion to *Jacob Cueilly*, to begin his Hexaſticon in diſparagement of it, thus;

More ſuo laſciva facit caſtiſſima quæ ſunt,
Beza:—and upon this account *Gilbertus Genebrard* (*Regius Profeſſor* at *Paris* of the *Heb.* Tongue) drew up no leſs than ſixteen Articles againſt him, and his Paraphraſe, and in a great *Bravada*, ſent them away (with a Paraphraſe, and Comment of

his own, and four more Rabbies) to the Miniſters of *Geneva*. [*Edit. Par.* 1585.] I have nothing to ſay againſt *Beza*'s Tranſlation, but this, that by his unhandſome Diminutives he gave too much occaſion to his Enemies (who always ſought for occaſion to miſrepreſent him to the world) to conclude ill of him; eſpecially when inſtead of praiſing the Churches lips (or the Oracles of the Church) he calls them, *labellula ſemihiulca*, which (ſay his Adverſaries) can only allude to *Semihiulca impudicorum haſta*. The next that I met with was that of Mr. *Dudley Fenner*; who (as a great Extoller of *Hopkins*, and *Sternhold*) has imitated their Poetry exactly, and fitted the whole to the Tunes of the 25, and 141 *Pſalms*, which is Dedicated to the Right Worſhipful Company of Merchant Adventurers, [*Middelburgh* 1581.] It might have been fitted to ſome of the ordinary Seamens Capacities for ought I know, but it had been better extant in thoſe days in which שיר השירים [*Shir haſhirim*,] was Tranſlated, *The Ballad of Ballads*, than in thoſe years when Poetry was not a little refin'd. Take two or three of his Staves (as they call 'em) and ſo we will paſs him by.

Chap. iii. verſ. 1.

In my Bed I ſought him
Whom my Soul loves nightly,
And ſeeking him when that I could
Not find him, Thus ſaid I—

Verſ. 5.

—Maids of Jeruſalem
I ſware you do abide,

Without

Without with the Harts of the Field
Or elſe the Goats beſide. &c.
—But who ſhall then go up
The Wilderneſs from out
As if ſhe were with riſing Smoke
Becenſed round about?
With Incenſe, and Myrrhe brent,
Which than Perfumers Powders all
Are far more Excellent.

The next Chapter varies from the 25*th. Pſalm* to the 141, and thus Concludes,

My Love deſcends his Garden to
To his Beds of Spices
That in his Gardens he may feed
And gather the Lilies
I am my well Beloved's own,
And to me doth belong
My well Beloved one who doth
Feed the Lilies among.

I ſhall add no more than that in the 7*th.* Chapter (which I always took to be a part of the eighth) ſet to the meaſures in the 122 *Pſalm.*

Verſ. 10.

As a Seal on thy mind,
As a Seal on th' Arm me bind,
For why like to Death Love is ſtrong
Hard as Grave Jealouſie,
His Coals the Coals they be
Which to Gods fi'ry flame belong.

Verſ. 11.

Much Water could not quench
His Love, nor Floods it drench;

So that if any were ready,
All wealth his house about
For this Love to lay out
It should be contemned wholly.

And at length he concludes his Poem with these Melodious Strains.

Chap. viii. Vers. last.

To us flie my Love, and be like
The Goat or Harts Youngling,
Thou which within the Mountains of Spices art abiding.

Presently afterwards I met with a Book call'd, *The Song of Songs in* English *Meter, with Annotations, by* Hen. Aynsworth [1642.] whose strict Education had made him a Learned, and useful Commentator; but, I perceive gave him but little time, or encouragement to unbend from his rugged Studies, and delight himself in the softer paths of Poetry. 'Tis much of the same thread with the former; tho' the Gentleman who put this Poem forth (after Mr. *Aynsworth's Death*, as the Epistle mentions) tells us, *That notwithstanding Mr.* Aynsworth's *ordering into Meter, some of the* Psalms, *and other Songs of* Moses (*in his life time*) *yet in his shallow understanding* (as he says) *he hath like the Swan, as some report, at his Death Sung sweetliest in this.* I have not time to trouble my self with his *shallow understanding*, nor others with many instances out of his Heroick Poem (tho' I Confess his Prosaical Notes, to be incomparably good) only shall give you a Measure of *Hercules* by one or two of his Feet [ἐκ τοῦ κρασπέδου ὅλον τὸ ὕφασμα.]

Chap.

Chap. i. Verſ. 5.

O Daughters of Jeruſalem, *I am*
Black, but am pleaſing comly with the ſame
Like to the Tabernacles of Kedar,
Like to the Curtains Solomon's *which are.*
The Children of my Mother, they have been
Incenſed againſt me with angry teen,
I have compared thee, my Love, unto
The Horſes-Troop in Chariots of Phar'oh.

Chap. iv. Verſ. 9.

My Siſter, Spouſe, thou haſt my Heart away,
Even raviſhed thou haſt my Heart, Iſay,
Even raviſhed with one of theſe thine Eyes,
With one Chain that about thy Neck implies.

Chap. v. Verſ. 3.

I dofft my Coat, how ſhall it on again?
I waſh't my Feet, how ſhall I them diſtain?
Put in his hand by th' hole did my Beloved,
And for him were my Bowels troublous moved.

Chap. viii. Verſ. 5.

The many Waters Love they cannot quench,
Neither the Floods are able it to drench.

Verſ. laſt.

Flee (my Belov'd) and have a Roes likeneſs,
Or a Young Hart on Mountains of Spices!

There are many others of as courſe a Thread, which I could eaſily expoſe to publick view; but theſe ſhall ſuffice, ſince the incomparable Dr *Woodford* (in his Preface to a late Paraphraſe on the *Canticles*) tells us, *That of all the Verſions he has met with, either in* Greek, Latin, *or* Engliſh (though I think

think he might have excus'd Dr. *Dupart's Greek Tranſlation*) *or other Modern Languages, very few are to be reckon'd Verſe farther than the Character of number, and Cadency reaches; and fewer yet tolerable Poetry.* As to the Antichroniſms in this ſhort Paraphraſe (Reader) you will meet with many; becauſe I have conſider'd the Church of God in a Three-fold Eſtate, according to the triple diſtribution of Time, what it was, what it is, and what it will be; which Liberty I took to my ſelf the rather, becauſe 'twas the uſual Speech of the Prophets formerly. As for Example, the Prophet *Iſaiah* Ch. 53. (after he had ſpoken of our Lords Chaſtiſements, and being Wounded, and Bruiſed) ſays הֶעֱרָה לַמָּוֶת נַפְשׁוֹ *effudit in mortem animam ſuam; he pour'd out his Soul unto Death, and made Interceſſion for the Tranſgreſſors* (verſ. laſt) which was ſpoken ſome Hundreds of years before our Bleſſed Lords Incarnation: And that of *David* (to paſs by the Paſſion-Propheſie (*Pſ.* 22.) is very remarkable (*Pſ.* 79.) *O God the Heathen are come into thine Inheritance, thy holy Temple have they defil'd, and made* Jeruſalem *an heap of Stones.* Which does not ſo well relate to the times of *Antiochus* (as ſome of the *Greek*, and *Latin* Fathers will have it) becauſe at that time *Jeruſalem* was not put לְצִיִּים in *pomorum cuſtodiam*, or *acervos lapidum*; or the *Babyloniſh* Captivity; For they, who were then deſtroy'd, were not (as it follows) *The Servants of God, and the Saints, whoſe dead Bodies were given to the Fowls of the Air, and the Beaſts of the Earth* (verſ. 2.) but wicked, and im-

impious people; and it has rather a relation to the Times of *Titus*; being fulfill'd when that βδέλυγμα ἐρημώσεως, was ſtanding in the holy place, and *Jeruſalem* deſtroy'd by the *Roman* Armies, who ſack't the City, and tore up the very Foundations of the Temple with a Plow-ſhare.

The greateſt Antichroniſm which I have mention'd is, in

Chap. iii. Verſ. 2.

How know I what may there be done?
'Twas there the Bleſſed Virgin found her Son.

Which was fulfill'd when our Bleſſed Lords Parents found him at *Jeruſalem*, after *the Feaſt, in the Temple, Diſputing with the Doctors, and asking them Queſtions.* However, as it is (Good Reader) you have it; and if you pleaſe, you may pick out ſomething of Explanation, if you can find nothing of Fancy; for that's not to be found, but only by them who are reſolv'd to look after it.

There is as much difference in reading Poetry, as in hearing (its near Relation) Muſick: Cords, and Diſcords ſound all alike to low-ſoul'd, and ill-natur'd people; and after this manner they judge of Verſes; inſomuch that the beſt of Divine Poems, which have ever been extant, have far'd no better at ſuch mens Tables than a Fabulous Legend, or a Religious Ballad.

Farewel,

JOHN LLOYD.

Southampton, May 17. 1681.

TO

TO

Mr. JOHN LLOYD,

Upon my Return of his Greek *and* Engliſh *Paraphraſe*

ON THE

CANTICLES.

IT was a bold Attempt, but ſince 'tis done
Go! take the Sacred Laurel you have won.
None will repine; The beſt of Songs you ſing,
And Songſters ſpeak, Who ere yet Sung it better
Save only *Iſrael*'s Wiſe and Mighty King,
Who Breath'd at once the Spirit, and the Letter?

Ro. Sh.

TO

TO HIS

VERY WORTHY FRIEND

Mr. JOHN LLOYD,

On his PINDARICK *Paraphraſe*

OF

SOLOMON'S *SONG.*

IN theſe Debauched Times, and Country, where
Laſcivious Pens do ſo much Domineer,
That thoſe who Write with Modeſty, and Rule
Are Traveſti'd, and turn'd to Ridicule;
Where Art, and Sober Wit forgotten lie,
Debas'd to Libelling, and Drollery,
Enſlav'd to Vice, and of the Club become
To Smoke, and Spittle in a Coffee-Room;
How dare you, Sir! Adventure on the Stage,
And with a Sacred *Ode* Affront the Age!
Letting this World of Witty Atheiſts ſee
Religion can with Poetry agree,
And that a Vertuous Muſe enflamed, can
As bravely be Devout, as they Prophane.
A Work for which tho' none than you more fit,
Who art inſpir'd with Zeal as well as Wit,
Haſt climb'd *Parnaſſus*, ſatt on *Sions* Hill,
Tun'd *David*'s Harp, and learnt *Apollo*'s Skill,
And for thy Champion haſt a Heroe, who
Was both a Prophet, and a Poet too;

Yet

Yet this thy Learned Labour will, I fear,
Find due Applauſe as ſcarce as good men are;
For were thy *Solomon* preſent, here are thoſe
Would like his Song no longer than 'tis Proſe,
And if in the Original you ſay
'Tis Verſe, wil Damn it for *Apocrypha*.
So far hath Schiſm prevail'd, they hate to ſee
Our Words, and Lines in Couplings to agree
It looks too like abhorr'd Conformity.
A Hymn ſo ſoft, ſo ſmooth, ſo comly dreſt
Savours of Human Learning, and the Beaſt,
And never can be Sung to Godly Notes,
Such ſweet Harmonious words will cramp their (Throats;
Confine the Spirit, and commit Offence
Againſt the Liberty of Conſcience,
By which the Saints are free at any time
To ſing both out of Tune, and Senſe, and Rime.
Then Sir! reſolve with Patience to Submit
Unto the common Fate of all true Wit,
To be commended by the Few, and Good,
Deſpis'd by moſt, becauſe not underſtood;
And when thou doſt deſign for pop'lar praiſe
Learn to write worſe, ſtuff it with Eeks, and Ayes,
Then it may paſs, like *Hopkin*'s Paraphraſe.

Jo. Speed. M. D.

Ad

Ad Amicum ſuum *J. Lloyd*, in Verſionem ejus Anglicanam ſuper Cantica Canticorum.

FOrte Syonæos *ſedato pectore Montes*,
Et Palæſtinas *dum meditabar aquas*,
Mirabar toties celebrata cacumina Pindi,
Mirabar ſacræ quarè Heliconis *aquæ*.
Divinos memini raptus, Albumq; Dearum
Augeri ſolitum ſi Venus *orta Nova*.
Ergò ſacri latices, quia ludit Thais *in undis*,
Atq; ſcatent fœdis flumina ſancta jocis!
Non ea divinos faciunt ſpiramina Vates,
Iſtave ſacratum perluit unda Chorum.
Veſtra *ſuos propriè meditatur Muſa labores*,
Sanctius ut jam ſit ſacra probabit opus.
Hîc cultus Cytherea tuos, *hîc* Orgia Bacchi
Linquimus amplexus cum Jove, Leda, *tuos*.
Non petimus Nili *latices quos potat* Oſyris,
Aut quæ pro ſacris flumina Memphis *habet*.
Non hîc Regales Thalami, Tædæve petuntur,
Alta Pharoneæ *nec placet aula domûs*.
Vanula Myſtarum fugimus mendacia, Larvas
Sive tuas Delphi, *ſive* Dodona, *tuas*:
Alta magis ſpectat noſter myſteria Vates,
Dum Solymonæo *percitus igne calet*.
Pegaſeo *conferre velis cum Fonte Poetam*;
Sacrat Opus Vatem, pagina ſacrat aquas.

Tho. Butler.

E Portu Triſantonenſi
Junij 8. 81.

To my Loving Friend Mr. JOHN LLOYD, *upon his Pindarick Paraphraſe of* Solomon's *Song, being the Marriage betwixt* Chriſt *and his* Church.

The Invitation to the Marriage Feaſt.

UNto the Marriage I invite,
All who enjoy the Heavens Light,
Whether of the Sun by day, or Moon by night;
The Bride, and Bridegroom fill all peoples ſight.
There never was a Pair
More Glorious, and more Fair,
That e're enjoy'd the common Air.

But hap'ly ſome may ask, O where
This Marriage ſhall
Be kept; when all
Betwixt the Earth, and Starry Skie
The Bride, and Bridegrooms Preſence do ſupply?
What ſpace?
What place,
Beſides our hearts for Gueſts is left? 'tis There.
Let not the Simple, or the Loud,
The Peaſant, or the Proud
Through Ignorance, or Wit
Think it unfit
That Omnipreſence ſhould thus part
It ſelf, to lodge within Man's heart.

I'th'

I'th' heart of Man reſides his Soul,
That Soul,
Which Scepters can controul;
And when with *lines* the Heavens encircled be,
The Souls Circumference is free.
See but the unconfined ſtretch
Of thoſe which are her Gueſts, yet reach
Beyond theſe fancied Mounds
And flie,
Unto Eternity;
Thus Faith, thus Hope, thus Charity extend,
They poſt, they go beyond the Worlds end,
Who then unto the Soul will give its bounds?
But though the Room's ſo large; Goſſips may think
They neither ſhall have Meat, or Drink:
Some will not ſpare
To ſay that all will be *Camælions* fare,
To feed, and drink upon the Air.
Be not diſcourag'd Sirs,
Here's Food,
Plenty, and good,
All with ſublime Amours.
Here is for every Senſe its height,
Whither of Delight, or Joy;
Here nothing can annoy;
Hope with fruition's bleſſed ſtreight.
There ſtands the Goblet, far more noble then
To *Belus* e're was fill'd
When he with all his Princes ſwill'd,
And they did ſtrut,& thought themſelves great men.
There view the Wine, its Mark, and Note
More Ancient than when *Janus* wrought:

Mind but its Colour, Briskneſs, Flavour,
Judge of its Pleaſantneſs, and Savour;
Drink to the full,
Temperance is dull,
Fear no regret,
Where there's no ſin, there Conſcience is ſet.
There ſounds the Muſick, whereby you may hear
The Conſort of the Sphear
Fitted to each mans Ear:
This without Fallacy, or Droll,
Doth court the Harmony of each mans Soul:
The greateſt happyneſs above
Is but to ſee, to ſing, and love.
Here the *Arabian* Bird her Neſt has fir'd,
To make perfumes;
She hath ſent her Plumes,
Purple, and Gold,
Offered up, not ſold;
Not only for the Bride, but Thee
If Thou art free
T' accept: what more can be deſir'd?
The *Roſes*, *Violets*, the ſweeteſt Flowers
Are preſent, ſome for Chaplets, ſome for Bowers.
Wouldſt thou delight thy ſight, and fill
Either thy Fancy, or thy Will,
For Glory, and for Beauty ſtill;
The World hath no more,
In ſtore,
Than what it offers now upon this Score.
Joy without ſurfeiting; and here's no dread
That *Tyndaris* when Old ſhould cry
Becauſe ſhe is not Young, and reaſon why

She

She was twice raviſht for a Deity.
Fruition hath no end ; the Marriage Bed
For ever bleſs't, and thus 'tis hallowed.
But ſtay,
Not every idle Perſon may,
Adventure at his will
To come, and take his ſwill,
Not knowing wherefore he is call'd this way :
Behold, the Bride, and Bridegroom
Chooſe, for their Beloved room,
The heart of man, where they will feaſt
Together with their welcome Gueſt.
The heart of man, whoſe Regent is the Soul,
Spiritual, ſo this luſtful Earth above,
Known by its underſtanding moſt, and Love,
Let none Unclean her Regency controul.

The Beaſts with Luſt, and Fury do run on,
Theſe Altars fail, the Fires are quickly gone,
Man underſtands, or ought to do,
His Paſſions, and his Motions too,
He to whom we Service pay
Drives the Lame, and Blind away,
None dares his Altars once aſſay,
Who knows not what unto his Worſhip's due,
Or if he Serves an Idol God, or true.

Soul break thine Earthy Walls, and ſee
Thine own Divinity,
And ſhow,
There's nothing here below
Makes thee more like thy ſelf than well to know
This

This Marriage is Divine:
The Bride, and Bridegroom far out-ſhine
What either is in this mans thoughts, or thine.
No *Ægyptian* dusky Daughter's here,
But one more Radiant than the brighteſt Sphear.
No *Solomon*, but one
By whom the King obtain'd his Throne.
Let *Cam* and *Pharaoh* fall,
Unto their ſhades themſelves recall,
Let not their blinds the holy Spouſe enthral.

The Pleaſures of the Soul excel
The luſts of th' Fleſh, and baits of hell,
Which none but he that taſtes, can tell.

Then enter Gueſt, but bright
Full of Seraphick Love, and Sight,
Feed on this Nuptial Banquet, ſee
The Myſtery
Reveal'd to thee, and me.

My Invitation's but a Sign at Door
Enter, and take thy fill; thy Pay's no more.

Thomas Butler A. M.

To his Worthy Friend Mr. John Lloyd, *upon his Excellent Pindarick Paraphraſe on* Solomon's *Song.*

YOur Infant Muſe whilſt in my Hands it lay,
Sir (to my Grief) was Spirited away,
By one that call'd me Friend, and did you Wrong,
To ſing (as 'twere his own) your Matchleſs Song,
But in its Swadling-Clothes (by Old St. *Paul*)
I ſtrangely ſpied the Stripling on a Stall,
With gaping Gazers, who admir'd its Grace,
I knew the Infant, by the Fathers Face,
Though not dreſt up by you; (Bleſs me thought I)
Is this th' effect of my Credulity!
Kidnap't, Betray'd like Barren Womb t'was done,
Who Others Iſſue ſteal then cal't their own,
So Truant School-boys, filch their Fellows Speech
Gain others Glory, to ſecure their Breech,
Thus *Magpies* Chatter when they fain would tell,
Th' enchanting Magick of a *Philomel*,
And *Jays* are pillag'd when their Pride preſumes
To ſtrut amongſt the Croud in *Peacock* plumes.
But now in Richer Robes your Muſe appears
Clad in the Raiment of your Riper years;
Pindar wants praiſe when your Sublimer Strains
Enchant our Ears, and leſſen much his Pains,
Only Great *COWLEY* we can find as fit
To match your Meaſures in Seraphick Wit,
Your Lines allure ſo like, 'tis hard to raiſe
A juſt *Encomium* on your equal Praiſe,
He that intends to write of two ſuch men
Muſt in their Standiſh dip his daring Pen.

Tho. Lardner. TO

TO HIS

VERY LOVING BROTHER

Mr. JOHN LLOYD,

On his Engliſh *Pindarick Paraphraſe*

OF

SOLOMON'S *SONG.*

SHould my unhappy Muſe Attempt to praiſe
Thy Sacred Poem, 'twould but harm thy Bays,
And blaſt that Laurel in its Virgin ſhew
Which Thunder, Storms, & Lightning ne'r could do.
Alas! my ſorry, poor, thatcht-fence, about
Thy ſtately Houſe, will Keep all Strangers out;
What Dainties can we there expect (they'l ſay)
Whither we'r led by ſuch an homely way?
Yet let them not deſpair; this little Foil
Will beſt commend the Structures of thy Pile;
Within whoſe ample Rooms the Table ſtand
Heapt up with Treaſures from a Bountious hand.
But why ſo long er'e we were bid to Feaſt?
Two *Luſtra's* ſince 'twas fitted for the Gueſt.
To him (I find) who drag'd it to the Preſs,
To ſuffer Pennance in an unknown Dreſs
We'r thus oblig'd—Howe're 'twas a good deed;
A Thief may chance to help a man at need.
Thus the wild *Pad* tranſgreſſes, and amends;
He Robs his Country-men, and Treats his Friends.

George Lloyd.

SOLO-

SOLOMONS SONG Paraphras'd,

BEING A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CHRIST and the CHURCH.

CHAP. I. *v.* 1.

CHURCH.

1. WIth ſoft Embraces let him claſp me round,
Whilſt glances darted from his eyes
Out-ſtrip the num'rous Army of the Skies,
And to a larger Audit riſe
Than all the Sands upon the Ocean's Bound,
Or Spires of graſs on *Palæſtina*'s ground:
Whilſt thus about each others necks we twine,
Our Sacred flames out-vie the heat of Wine.

2. Becauſe of thoſe choice Oyntments ſhed
With Roſie Odours on thy youthful head,
[Yet not ſo fragrant as thy Name]
Which trickling down with Spikenard meet,
(Spikenard ſent up from thy Triumphant feet)
The Virgins love thee with a purer flame
Than that which newly from the Altar came.

3. O let thy Beauty draw my heart
With (more than Adamantine Tyes)
The glances of thy lovely Eyes ;
And then we'll never part !
Bleſt Union Myſtical ! See where the King
Has plac't me underneath his Wing ;
Thrice happy Soul thus caught,
And to ſo fair a Palace brought !
To him we dance, to him we ſing.
The chearing Goblet now no more ſhall move :
The Upright Kiſs thee ; Thus they pledge thy

4. 5. O turn, thou Faireſt, turn away (Love
That too too heedful ray ;
Leſt my diſcolour'd Cheeks offend thy ſight
Grown dusky from the Suns officious light ;
Alas ! by Brothers hatred I was ſent
To labour in anothers Tent,
(Unmindful of mine own) and ſo grew old
Under the Summers heat, and the ſad Winter
Yet Blackneſs has its Beauty, and the ſhade (cold
Was as a Maſque for Lovers made :
Thus from the ſultrie plain
Th' *Arabian* Swain
Ore-powr'd by heat to *Kedar* creeps,
And *Solomon* beneath his Banner ſleeps.

6. Te

6. Tell me, at laſt,
O thou to whom my Soul is bound ſo faſt,
Where in the height of miſeries oppreſt,
Thou mak'ſt thy weary Flock to reſt?
Where thou doſt *Benjamin*'s and *Joſeph*'s ſheep
Beſides thy Tent in ample Paſtures keep?
For why
Should only I
From thy Protection and my Safety fly?

CHRIST.

7. If yet thou know'ſt not (O thou Fair,
Whoſe unpois'd Glories greater are
Than all the blooming pride
Sprang from the Font of *Adam*'s ſide)
Haſte with thy Staff, and Pilgrim's Weed,
And when from far thou doſt eſpy
The footſteps of the Paſſers-by,
There take thy road, for fear thou ſtray
In an ill-trod, in an uneaſie way.
And when the Shepherd's Tents appear,
They'l ſhew thee where I feed,
And when my Flocks are near.

8. Thy Splendor, O my Love, exceeds the ſhow
Of *Pharaoh*'s Hoſt before his Overthrow:
Thoſe Troops which did before *Baal-Zephon*
Muſt vail their luſters if compar'd to thine: (ſhine,

9 Whilſt Jewels, like the Pearls of *May*,
Adorn thy Cheeks more freſh than they;
And thy ſmooth Neck ſtands circled in
With wreaths of Gold beneath thy tender Chin.

10. With Gold thy Borders ſhall be crown'd,
And ſtuds of Silver ſhall beſet thee round.

CHURCH.

11. When in the midſt of his Pavilion plac't
The King takes his repaſt,
By all the mighty Armies grac't,
Which hover o're the Oriental light
From *Michael* to the lower *Might*,
My Box of Spikenard do's its Odours ſend
In fragrant moiſtures which return at laſt
With ſweeter breath than they could ever lend.
Thus Odours are each others grace,
And Spikenard borrow's ſcent from his perfuming Face.
12. They are not all thoſe choicer Smells
Which the rude *Indian*, or *Arabian* ſells;
13. The Cypreſs, or thoſe Breathings ſhed
Twixt *Zephyr*, and *Engeddi's* ſpicy Bed,
Can equalize that paſſionate Delight
We take between each others Breaſts all night.

CHRIST.

14. Behold, my bleſt Companion, thou art Fair,
Thine Eyes with thoſe of Doves compare.

CHURCH.

But thine far more reſplendent are.
15. How pleaſant art thou ſeen
Upon our Beds of Green,

Whoſe

Whoſe Odours Conquer all the ſweets of Myrrh;
16. Our Beams are Cedar, and our Rafters Firr.

Chap. II.

CHRIST.

1. WOuld you the Roſe of *Sharon* ſee
Spreading his Virgin Colours to the Sun,
(Er'e he has half his Circuit run)
Op'ning his untoucht leafs to Kiſs that ray
By which he do's his livery diſplay?
'Tis I am he.
Or the fair Lily of the lower ground
(*Shoſhannah*) with more glories crown'd
Than thoſe in which the Kings appear
At the great *Orgies* of the year?
You have him here.

2. As the chaſt Lily which from Tempeſt torn,
With a beſeeming bluſh renews its pride,
Tho' compaſt round with an unhappy Thorn,
And all the Foreſt-Brakes beſide;
Such is my *Bride*,
When plac't amongſt the Virgin Quire:
So fairly do her Eyes appear,
So Charming are her Looks, ſo clear,
That whoſoe're comes near
Muſt pant in Flames, and languiſh in deſire.

CHURCH.

3. Compare the loaden Apple-Tree
To thoſe unthrifty Shrubs you ſee,
Thoſe wither'd boughs which too too long have ſtood
(The Scandal of the Wood)
Without the product of, or Fair, or Good:
Such, ſuch is he for whom my wounded heart
Reſents a ſtrange and laſting ſmart,
Which vies with the Phyſicians Art.
I crept on (ſilent as the Shades) for fear
It might offend him if he ſaw me near:
And loth a while I was to prove
My ſelf Ambaſſadreſs of my own Love:
But ſtill his Beauty led me on,
Till heedleſs of the paces I had gon,
I came beneath his Bleſſed ſhade
(Hid by a Gourd which kinder Love had made)
And reach't, and pluckt, and ate ſuch fruits as never
4. At length he led me from the Sacred place, (fade.
And with a Princely grace
(Leſt I ſhould ſurfeit with my New-got Fruit)
He gave me Wine, and taught me to digeſt;
He ſmil'd upon my Suit,
And granted my requeſt.

5. Stay me with Wine, with Apples, Oh! for I
Am ſick at heart, and leſt you help, ſhall die.

6. See, ſee where the Phyſician ſtands
And reaches forth his Aidful hands:

The

The one Arm Circles round my Head
The other Guards my Bed,
And Vails of Love are round about me ſpread.

CHRIST.

7. I Charge you, *Sions* Daughters Fair,
And you, whoſe Sires of *Salem* were,
Within whoſe Borders Wars do ceaſe;
(Whilſt *Jire* conſtitutes a laſting Peace)
I Charge you by the ſwift-pac't Roe,
And by thoſe Herds which in your Paſtures goe;
By all the brisker Hinds abroad
Which croſs your interrupted Road;
If my Beloved ſlumbring lies,
If ſofter ſleep has lockt her tender Eyes,
You offer not to break her eaſe,
Or ſtir her from her Pillow, till ſhe pleaſe.

CHURCH.

8. Forth from the Hills a voice I hear,
Whoſe bolder Eccho ſtrikes my tender Ear:
From Mountains top it reaches to the Plain,
Beat by the Neighbouring hillocks back again.
9. 'Tis my Beloveds voice—How like a Deer
He skips when the hot Hunter's near!
His glories at a diſtance fade
And ſet, as in a ſhade:
He's only ſeen by halves, as plac't
Behind ſome Wall which early time has rac't;
He creeps behind the Rev'rend Ruins, then
He ſhows himſelf, and ſo retires agen.

As through a Lattice we behold his Face,
Or darkly through the glaſs.

10. 'Hear, how he calls——Ariſe my Love,
'My Fair, mine undefiled One,
'And let's be gone:

11. 'The horrid Winters rage is paſt,
'And all its fury's ſpent at laſt;
'Whilſt *Zephyr* ſoftly glides along,
'(Weak in himſelf, but in his Odours ſtrong)
'The Clouds in diſmal blackneſs ceaſe to fly,
'They're all grown white,
'Empti'd, and thinn'd by an ore-pow'ring light;
'Thoſe ſubtil Ciſterns all are dry,
'And ſlowly wave beneath a lovely Sky.

12. 'The Spring do's in her Virgin dreſs appear;
'And bluſhing uſhers in the Youthful year.
'ThoſeEmbrions which the froſt did once intomb,
'And held with icy chains within the womb,
'Now peep out of their clods again,
'Brought forth by a reviving rain.
'They flouriſh in their infant green,
'And every where a new Creation's ſeen.
'The Trees rejoyce,they clap their hands & ſing,
'And yield their buds to the Officious Spring.
'The feather'd Quire in *Chorus* mix their Notes,
'And chant aloud with uninſtructed throats.
'The loving *Turtle* (well compar'd to me)
'Calls out,and woos her Mate from yonder Tree.

13. 'The Vine puts forth its tender bud,
'And bids defiance to the Winters flood.
'A fragrant ſmell, a glorious ſhow,
'Attend our ſteps, wher'ere we go;

'Ariſe

'Ariſe, my Love, and make no ſtay,
'My Faireſt haſte, and come away,
'The Eaſtern Herald has proclaim'd the day.

CHRIST.

14. O thou who with thy active Wings
Mount'ſt up on high,
(Unmindful of theſe earthly things)
And haſt a Conſecrated place
Immur'd with Rocks, wherein thou hid'ſt thy Face;
Let me thy Countenance deſcry:
Thy Face is Love, thy Voice is Melody.

15. Take us the cunning Vermin which deſtroy
The ſpreading Branch, the Gard'ners only joy:
Thoſe little *Foxes*, thoſe who undermine
The Daughter Cluſter, and the Mother Vine.
Our Vine has tender Branches, O forbear,
Leſt *Herods* Cruelty ſhould harbour here,
And *Rachel* ſhed an unreſented tear!

CHURCH.

16. 17. Whilſt thou remaineſt, O thou Fair,
Amidſt the Lilies where thy Paſtures are,
(The Lilies once than Snow more white,
But now ſcarce pale before ſo great a light)
About each others Necks we twine;
[I'm his, and my Beloved's mine:]
And Kiſs until the radiant day
Has chas't the ſullen ſhades away:

Haſte

Haſte thee from *Bether* like the nimble Hart:
Bether which *Jordan* do's from *Jury* part.

CHAP. III.

CHURCH.

1. 'Twas dark, the Stars withdrew their light;
The Sullen Moon obſcur'd her head;
A melancholick, gloomy night;
The moſt unhappy relict of a day
In which the nighted Traveller could ſtray;
When over-charg'd with Paſſions on my Bed,
And fraight with fear,
I ſought my Love, but he was fled;
I call'd aloud, and knockt, but no one near.
2. Muſt then (ſaid I) an hapleſs, poor,
Diſtreſſed Lover, thus give or'e?
Are all theſe breathings ſpent in vain?
I'le wander out, and call again;
Sure he will pity't, ſince he made the pain.
Or elſe I'le bend my ſpeedy pace
Unto that Sacred place
Whither the Tribes go up to bleſs
The Teſtament of Holineſs.
How know I what may there be done?
'Twas there the *Bleſſed Virgin* found her *Son.*
Perhaps, we once again may meet
In ſome more lucky ſtreet,
Whilſt thus he wanders up and down,
And bleſſes every corner of the Town;
'Tis but to try;

Or,

Or if withdrawn, I'le trace,
His footſteps to ſome wider place;
Or ſeek him out, if nigh.
Ah! ſo I panting did,
But found him not, for he was hid:
[Hid from the reach of purblind Natures Eye,
Which takes no Species from the Diety.]

3. Next to the wakeful Guardians of the night
(The Watchmen of the Sacred Tower
Arm'd with his Sword, and guarded with his (power)
I took my humble flight;
Tell me, O can ye tell! ſaid I,
When he whom I adore paſs'd by?
Can no kind Oracle declare
How he demeans himſelf, and where?
But theſe were all grown dumb;
Then ſure (thought I) *Meſſias* muſt be come.

4. Juſt thus it was; my fanci'd bliſs
Prov'd true; I heard a voice, 'twas his:
Then ſtraight I caught him in my Arms,
And held him faſt; ſucceſsful were my Charms;
Till through the private paſſages we went,
And came into my Mothers Tent;
That Tent in which th' *Almighty* once did give
That life to her who gave me life to live.

5. Ye powerful Daughters of *Jeruſalem*,
I charge you by the Hinds, and Roes; by them
To whom ye frankly yield
The Paſtures of your bloomy field,
That when the Faireſt ſlumbring lies,
Ye ceaſe to chaſe the ſhadow from his eyes.

Beſide

Beſide his Temples let a Vail be ſpred;
And Banners fortifie his Head.

CHRIST.

6. What diſtant Object from the fruitleſs Breſt
Of the wild Deſart crowns the Plain?
It flies in Triumph o're the fields,
Perfum'd with Myrrh, with Frankincenſe, the beſt
Of Odours which the Drugſter yields,
Like ſome new riſing Clouds of rain.
7. 8. See where a Princely Banner ſtands,
Held up by Threeſcore Heroes Mighty hands,
Girt with their Swords, and fit for Fight,
Zamzummims, Chieftains of the Night;
Apt to purſue, but not to take a flight.
9. Thus *Solomon* goes bravely on,
Guarded with beams of *Lebanon*;
Beams of thoſe Cedars which ſo fairly ſtood
The glories of the Wood;
But now grown more Majeſtick by their fall,
Than when they flouriſht Green, and Tall;
10. The Columns, form'd of Silver ſtand,
Cut out by ſome *Bezaliel's* hand,
Upon a Baſis of the pureſt Gold
Which *Ophyr* boaſted of, of old;
Shelter'd beneath a purple Shrine:
(Purple once common, now Divine)
And leſt Defiance ſhould be ſeen above,
The Motto underneath was *LOVE:*
Love for the faireſt Dam'ſels, *Love* for them
Who love the Daughters of *Jeruſalem.*

11. Haſte

11. Haſte, haſte ye ſacred Quire,
Yee hopeful darlings of old *Sion*'s breaſt,
See *Solomon* clad in his rich Attire;
'Tis a Triumphing day th' Eſpouſal Feaſt
More Solemn, more obſerv'd than all the reſt;
A day in which his aged Matron ſpread
Her Arms about his Princely Head;
Bleſt him with all the bleſſings from above,
And gladly did impart
The largeſs of a Mother's heart, (with Love.
Crown'd him with Diadems, and ſhelter'd him

Chap. IV.

CHRIST.

1. How lovely are thoſe eyes, thou Fair,
Which from the circles of thy Hair
Pierce the thin Vails of interambient air!
What Beauty from that ſacred Shrine
Doe we behold? compar'd to thine
Doves eyes are dull, the ſplendor's all divine;
Whilſt thy diſhevel'd locks are whiter far
Than *Gileads* new waſht fleeces are.
4. Beneath whoſe treſſes ſtuds of Pearl diſplay
Their light, like Stars, plac't in the Milky-way;
Thy Teeth; which in a ſemi-circle ſtand
Fixt in due diſtance by th' *Almighti*'s Hand
More white than Wooll, more glorious than the throng
Of Ews when all are big with young.
Thy

3. Thy melting ſpeech with a beſeeming grace
Flows from thy lips, where Scarlet ſpred
Reflects upon thy Face
A fainter Virgin Red,
Which to thy lofty Temples makes a way;
(As bluſhing mornings haſten to the day:)
Thoſe Temples which at diſtance ſeen
Are like Pomegranats ripen'd from the Green.

4. Thy Neck's a Fortreſs of a greater power
Than once was *David*'s warlike Tower;
A thouſand Bucklers there did reſt,
Armour for th' Head, and Armour for the Bre
Little enough to ſtop the fretful Foe
But when thou doſt thy Beauty ſhow
Unto thy Trophies all muſt yield
And ſhamefully reſign the Field; (ſtouteſt ſhield.
Thine arrows wound the heart, & pierce the

5. Two vaſt ſupporting hills of ſnow
Maintain this Caſtles foot below.
Thy Breaſts which like to pleaſant Twins appea
(Roes, of the ſelf ſame Year)

6. Roes, which amidſt the Lillies ſtray
Untill the ſhades are chas't away,
And the pale Morn-Star uſhers in the day.
Up to the Mountains height
I'll take my flight
And view thoſe paſtures which diſpenſe
The ſweets of Myrrhe and Frankincenſe,

7. If from the days in which thou firſt didſt place
Thy trembling foot on *Aarons* reverend Head
I thy deſcent unto theſe times ſhould trace,
Tho

Tho' round about thee there were ſpred
So many Garments roll'd in red; (fed;)
[Roll'd in that blood on which the Martyrs
No ſpot, or wrinckle would be ſeen;
Thou bloom'ſt afreſh, and art an *Ever-green.*

8. Haſte thee from *Lebanon*, no more to dwell
In *Lebanon*, tho of ſo ſweet a ſmell.
Look from *Amana*'s clouded height
Shenir and *Hermon*, hills of might
The Glories of the *Amorite.*
Judea's narrow Confines are too ſmall,
(Tho' there was the *Meſſia*'s birth:)
Hear a rebounding call
Ecchoʼd from th' utmoſt caverns of the Earth,
From Lyon's dens, and from the treacherous Cell,
Of thoſe rude Beaſts who in the Deſart dwell.

9. What new, what unaccuſtom'd ſmart
Poſſeſſes this my captiv'd Heart?
A ſtrange inſinuating flame
(That found a conqueſt whenſoe're it came)
Has ſcatter'd in its powerful heat;
And here it acts as in its proper ſeat.
One of her chains, one of my Siſters Eyes,
Have bound me faſt, and rendred me her prize;
If One of theſe ſo much could do,
How ſhould I be o're powr'd by Two!
[If this faint bliſs be ſuch, then what ſhall be
The bounties of Eternity!]

10. Siſter, and Spouſe in one combine
To kindle flames, and render 'em divine;
Flames of a nobler heat than thoſe of Wine

Whilſt

Whilst th' Odours of thy sacred vest
(Drawn from the spicie borders of thy Breast)
(Much sweeter than the borrow'd garments on
The *Patriarch*'s disguised Son;)
Are like a Garden which the Lord has blest.

11. O Thou by sacred tyes
To me so firmly Knit
When thou dost thy blest Oracles declare
By Priests, and not by murm'ring Air,
To thy Kind voyce the mystick wit
Of busy Spirits, and of Gentile Lies
Must with their flatteries submit;
So healing are thy words, so calm
When thou the pious Votary dost meet,
That Tears of Balm
Or drops of Honey are not half so sweet.

12. Thou like a Garden fresh dost stand
Fenc't, and encircled by th' *Almightye*'s hand;
Fenc't from the ranging Fox, and angry Boar,
Who'ld overturn the Wall, or undermine the Door.
Within whose borders we behold
A Fountain fairer than the springs of old
Made for the Nations weal,
But shut from Beasts by the great Gardners seal;
Shut from those Bruits who pleasure take
In mudding of the Christal Lake.

13, 14, 15. See where the streams in silence creep
And slide in By-*Mæanders* from the Deep;
Till safe in covert passages they breath
Their subtile moysture from beneath;
(Unmindful of the paces they have gone
From *Carmel*, from the top of *Lebanon*.)

Their

Their Donor's frank, and they are free
As they receive they give;
By them the Spikenard, and the Cypreſs-tree,
Pomegranats, and the Saffron live:
The Bounty comes alike from thence
To Myrrh, to Allo'es, and Frankincenſe.

CHURCH.

Haſte, my Beloved, haſte,
And when thou doſt of theſe thy dainties taſte,
O let thy Glory ſhine
Upon this Fountain, and theſe Shades of thine!
Then ſhall the Nort-hwind wake, the South-Wind blow
And on theſe beds the balmy Spices flow.

CHAP. V.

CHRIST.

1. FRom the Almighty ſeat above
(As boundleſs as the great *Jehova*'s love)
My Father's beatifick breaſt
Where thou muſt ſhortly, when Triumphant, reſt;
I, thy Beloved, guarded with a Quire
Of Angels, with an Hoſt of fire
To give thine Enemies their doom,
Am to my Garden, to my Siſter, come:
I've eat my Honey, and have made a Feaſt
Upon the milky Treaſures of thy Breaſt.

You, who with famine pine,
Or by Tradition faſt
From untaught Sires, who never underſtood
The Vertues of a thing, if ſweet, or good;
Come, come, and take a full repaſt,
The Feaſt forbids a modeſt taſt;
A Feaſt made up of things Divine,
Hony with Milk, Milk mingled with the Wine.

CHURCH.

2. The Gates were ſhut, the Priſon cloſe;
And every Captive took his ſoft repoſe.
The ſtretch't-out Arms, which lately did complain
Of Servitude in vain,
Now ſeem'd to claſp a breaſt
Made up of Liberty, and reſt:
But this was but a fanci'd ſleep;
[*Grief, like to Water, ſilent is when deep.*]
For in my dreams the heat of Love
[Like Vapours cloyſter'd in the chilly Earth,
And ſtrugling for a Birth,]
Inſenſibly began to move:
My wakeful heart did only panting lie
Beneath the Covert of a clos'd up Eye;
Whilſt from a far I ſeem'd to hear
(As tho' the Soul knew how to woo,
And had a private Language too)
A fainting voice, which hardly reacht my ear. 3.

CHRIST.

Siſter awake, What from above,
Mine undefiled One, my Love,
No voice! or is her Charity
More cold than me!
I'le call again——what from above,
Siſter awake, ariſe my Dove,
Unbar the clos'd up doors, and ſee
Who 'tis that knocks, and calls ſo loud—'tis he
Who drawn by thine ore-powring Charms,
Has marcht the Deſart from a far,
Without the Conduct of one happy Star:
Undaunted, ventur'd all the ſpight
Of Wind, of Storm, and of a gloomy Night:
And tempted more than common harms
To find an happy ſhelter in thine Arms.
And canſt thou paſs theſe Hazards by
With ſo ſmall Love, and ſo much Cruelty?
See how the Curl'd, and well compacted Hair
Fan'd by freſh gales, and mov'd by milder Air,
Now hangs diſhevell'd by the Tempeſt torn,
And on my Locks the Evening dews are born.

CHURCH.

3. But theſe Expoſtulations were in vain;
I laid me down to ſleep again.
Alas! my caſt-off Coat was folded by;
My new-waſht feet were dry.

Should I defile them then? what need to 'rise'
And chaſe thoſe ſhades which had but ſeiz'd my
4. Yet he endeavour'd ſtill, & preſt the more (eyes.
Upon the ſtubborn door;
When ſtrait (the check of mine ingrateful Love)
A ſudden qualm did in my bowels move.
Oh! how I ſigh't! my ſwoll'n-up-heart
Was big with paſſion, an upbraiding ſmart
Strake through my panting Breaſt,
Whilſt for a ſleepleſs reſt
I ſold the bounties of ſo fair a Gueſt.
5. At length I gave my ſlumbers o're, (place
And marcht through darkneſs to the wonted
Where Lovers met, where Lovers did embrace;
But miſt my entry to the door;
Alas! my Breaſt, tho' all a flame
Could give no light
To guide me in the depth of night,
Until a cloud of Odours came,
Sent from his fragrant fingers, ſuch
Which (tho' the fainter relicts of a touch
Impreſt upon the lock) were ſweeter far
Than *Gilead*'s Balms, or *India*'s Spices are.

6. Then I unbar'd the doors—Who's there? What
(Said I) that interrupts my reſt? (Gueſt
——No voyce; But all was ſilent as the night,
For he had newly took his flight;
Oh! how I trembling ſtood!
No tongue can tell the ſmart
That ſeized my Heart
Under the ſwift recoylment of the blood:

I

I ſtood, and call'd; and call'd; but all in vain,
The very Eccho ſcarce return'd again.
7 Then pale with baſhful fear,
Unarm'd, ungirt, unbleſt.
I ventur'd out to meet the wandring Gueſt;
But ſtraight the buſie Watch drew near,
From whoſe ſtern looks I pity did implore,
And when a ſtorm of ſighs
Had aw'd my Tongue that it could plead no more,
Beg'd pity with my weeping Eyes.
Then ſtopt, and woo'd again; but all
Their pity was but Worm-wood mixt with Gall.
O how they check't my folly! how they ſtrove
Each to upbraid my but pretended Love!
[Unhappy Hypocrite! thy crime
Was ſoon found out; the darkeſt night,
The 'obſcureſt time
Expoſes that as nimbly as the light.]
But this was but the firſt degree
Of their inhuman Cruelty;
For when I 'ventur'd on to plead my Cauſe,
And little fear'd, but that a weak
And helpleſs woman might have leave to ſpeak,
In ſtead of Reaſons, and of equal Laws
They anſwered me with *wounds* to every Clauſe;
Which, when I ſtrove to cloſe again,
(Leſt the ſad weather ſhould augment the pain)
And bind up with my Vail (the height
Of their unmanly ſpight)
They raviſht that away, by an uſurping might.
Unhappy Soul! who'll pity thee
In this thy wretched Miſery!

I, once the Peoples joy, am now their ſcorn,
By my beſt Friends, nay by my Love forlorn;
Can this black midnight e're expect a morn?

8. I turn'd to *Sion's* Daughters then
To ſee if Women were more kind than Men;
Icharge ye, O ye Fair (ſaid I)
If my Beloved paſſes by,
You tell him how I lye
Wounded, and at the point to die.
Tell him——Oh tell him this;
And much, much more——But yet above
The reſt, the deepeſt Wound was his,
And I am ſick of Love.

CHORUS.

Daughters of *Jeruſalem.*

9. What's thy Beloved, O thou Fair?
With whom may he compare?
What's thy Beloved more than others are?
Are his Encomiums ſo large,
That thus thou giv'ſt ſo ſtrict a Charge?
What is he? Speak——

CHURCH.

10. ——Should you but trace
The Beauties of his goodly Face,
And mark how ſweetly they were ſpred
Betwixt the White and Red,
(Parted by light, not by a ſhade)
The Lily would appear but pale, and fade,

Like

Like baſhful Stars before the riſing Sun;
The Roſe would bluſh to ſee its Red out-done.
If thouſands, nay ten thouſand Loves you ſee,
Of all the reſt, you'll tell me, *This is He.*
11. His Princely Head is fairer to behold
Than *Ophyrs* Treaſures were of old,
Or *Babyloniſh Dura's* Idol-Gold.
Round which his black curl'd Locks are ſet,
Which in their Circles fitly met
Make him appear like *Gold* begirt with *Jet.*
12. His Eyes are Doves Eyes; fair, and bright
With watry clearneſs, and with Milky white:
From whoſe tranſparent balls the flaſhes fly
Like Lightning darted through the Sky;
13. By whoſe kind rays the Spices grow
Upon his Cheeks, where's ſeen a laſting Day
With flow'rs more freſh, more gay
Than thoſe in *May*;
And from his Lips the fragrant Oyntments flow.
14. His Hands are like to rings of Gold, beſet
With *Tarſhiſh*, [*Aſhers* Cryſolite:]
His Belly's like to Ivory, ore-laid
With Sapphyrs, White, and Blew diſplaid.
15. His Legs are two Supporters, which uphold
Theſe ſtructures; Marble Pillars rimm'd with Gold.
His Looks are like to *Lebanon*; but far
More glorious than thoſe Cedars are. ſuch a Speech
16. His Mouth's moſt ſweet, from whence flows
As ſeems at once to threaten, and beſeech:
He's altogether Lovely—This is he;
My Friend, my Love—Him if you haply ſee.
Good *Sions* Daughters bring him home to me.

CHAP. VI.

CHORUS,

Daughters of *Ieruſalem.*

1. WHither is thy Beloved gone?
Speak, Faireſt of thy Sex, that we
May ſeek him too, 'tis ill to walk alone.
What dark, what unfrequented place
Can hide the glories of ſo fair a Face?
Let's march along—The Traveller may ſee
(Tho' now he wander's in obſcurity) (ſhroud
That brightneſs which the Sun, a while, does
(Before he's ſet) tho' from a diſtant Cloud.

CHURCH.

2. Alas! I've wandred up and down
This glorious, this ingrateful Town:
I've ſought him ſighing; big with care,
Yet meet with nothing but deſpair.
And with my careful feet
Have meaſur'd out each ſpace,
Trod every ſtreet,
Of this unthankful place.
No Watchman but has heard my call
Rebounding from the circuit of the wall;
But all in vain.

Who

Who now can *Sion*'s praiſes ſing?
Sion's too proud to entertain her King:
He's gone down to the Plain
(Humble and meek) to view the Plants below,
Brought forth by gentle rain;
Thoſe pleaſant Valleys where the Spices grow;
To gather Lilies, and to paſs his hours
Amidſt the Dew-beſpangled flowers.

3. But my Beloved's only mine
And I am His—He feed's beneath a Shrine
Of Lilies, where the Banquet's all Divine.

CHRIST.

4. See, my Beloved, thou art Fair,
More beautiful then *Tirza*'s Turrets are;
(*Tirza*, where Grandſire Princes us'd to ſing
The chearful praiſes of their King.)
The Sons of *Sion* ſhall no more admire
The Hill of *Jebus* in its beſt attire;
—But whilſt thy Beauty ſhin's ſo bright
Tis mixt with, not o'r powr'd by might;
And tho' ſo terrible, yet all may ſee
True Love enthron'd in Majeſty.

5. Th'aſt overcome me (O thou Fair)
Turn, turn away thoſe charming Eyes;
(No need to triumph o're a prize)
The Treſſes of thy bright diſhevel'd Hair
Are whiter than the the milky coats
Of *Gilead*'s new-waſht Goats.

6. Thy

6. Thy well-ſet Teeth in equal order ſtand;
Not one that's injur'd by a throng;
The Ewes that graze upon the Holy Land
Are not ſo comely when they'r big with young:
When from the Silver ſtreams they've drawn their fill,
And Sunn'd their Fleeces on the Sacred Hill.

7. Thy Temples, ſtraight with Modeſty, are ſeen,
To match Pomegranats when the bluſhing Red
Is fitly ſpred
Upon the baſhful Green.
[How glorious wilt thou once appear,
In thy Triumphant Kingdom, who haſt ſtood
So Beautiful, ſo Lovely here,
Amongſt green Wounds, and Garments roll'd in blood?]

8. And tho' the matchleſs ſpight
Of evil will would grow to ſuch an height
As to deprive thee of thy Golden Bell,
And leave this fair Pomegranat but a ſhell;
Yet in thy Borders threeſcore Queens are fed,
And fourſcore Concubines attend the Nuptial Bed.
And tho' ſo many Worthies have been ſlain,
Ten thouſand Virgins conſtitute thy Train.

9. Let other Spouſes to a right pretend,
'Tis only Thou that art my Friend;
Mine undefiled One, my Love,
(The Daughter of *Jeruſalem* above:)
The Wiſer ſaw thee from afar,
And bleſt thee, as the *Magi* did the Star.
The Concubines in holy order cri'd,
Hail! Queen of Nations! Hail! the Maids repli'd.

10. Who's this, whoſe Majeſty ſurrounds the Earth,
Fair as the Morning from her purple birth?

The

The darkned Sun's amaz'd, the Planets ſhroud
Their worthleſs light;
The Moon's confounded at the ſight,
And hides her ſpotted Horns behind a Cloud.
The frighted Orbs in awful diſtance ſtand,
As tho' not mov'd by an Almighty hand.
They neither Light, or Vertue can diſpenſe,
But ſtand in need of greater Influence.
Thy Rays out-ſhine them all; th'art brighter far
Than forbiſht Spears and Banners are.

11. But Feaſted with ſo fair a ſhow,
Leſt too much light
Should overcome the ſight
I haſted to the Vales below,
To ſee the new Plantations of my Bride,
(The Peoples ſcorn but *Sions* pride) (paces
Thoſe fruitful Vines, which by their ſenſeleſs
Hug'd the ſweet product of their ſoft Embraces:
To view the Nut-trees, and to know
How the Pomegranate did begin to blow.

12. 'Twas but a moment e're
My heedleſs Soul had been aware;
But overcome with too much ſight
I took me to my flight.
Amazement added Wings unto my heels,
The ſwifteſt Gales of Wind;
Aminadab himſelf, was left behind,
And his hot Chariot-wheels.

CHORUS.

CHORUS

Daughters of *Jeruſalem.*

13 Return, return, O *Shulamite*
That we may ſee the goodly ſight
Of *Solomon* and th' *Shulamite.*

CHRIST.

What would you ſee in her and him?

Daughters, &c.

The goodly Forces of *Mahanaim.*

CHAP. VII

CHIST.

1. HOw Beautiful are thoſe thy feet
(Shod with the Preparation of the word)
Thou Daughter of the mighty Lord
Eſpouz'd unto his onely ſon,
Before he put his fleſhy Garments on!
How fairly doſt thou tread the ſtage
Of ev'ry crooked, ſullen, ſtreet
In this unlucky, latter age
Of thy diſtreſſed Pilgrimage!

The

The well compacted Junctures of thy Thighs
By which the (once divided) Train
Of *Jews*, and *Gentiles* meet again
Are made with Jewels of no common prize,
Whilſt Prophets, Paſtors, Teachers, all combine
To tye the Sacred Knot, and render it Divine.

2. Thy Navel's like a Mazer, fill'd
With Conſecrated Water, whence
The New-born-child
Receives a newer Influence;
By that bleſt Laver he is born again,
And all the former Enmities are ſlain.
Thy Belly, like an Heap of Corn appear's,
[The wholſome food of ancient years]
Beſet with Lillies: [*Innocency beſt*
Becomes a loving Feaſt.]
That Treaſury which all along has fed
Thy Proſelytes with Sacramental Bread.

3. Thy Breaſts in equal Harmony concent;
The *Old* with the *New-Teſtament.*

4. Thy Neck like an Eternal Tower
Support's the higher roof, and crown's the lower.
Thine Eyes are fair to look upon;
Clear, as the ſtreams of *Heſhebon*,
Where poor *Bath-Rabbim* quits her ſelf of fears,
And dew's her Cheeks with penitential tears.
Thy Noſe is lifted to the ſky
Fixt on thoſe Stars to which of late
Meſſias mounted up in ſtate;

The

The Spire of *Lebanon* is not ſo high
Which points where *Syria*'s chiefeſt City ſtood,
Where proud *Damaſcus* ſuffer'd for the cry
Of injur'd *Abel*'s blood.

5. Thy lofty Head is fairer to behold
Than the *Phœnicians* Pride,
Or what they boaſted of beſide,
Fair *Carmel*, was of old;
Whoſe Creſt an Hoſt of *Martyrs* do adorn,
Like ſome bright Cloud dropt from the purple morn;
Kings are encircled in it, and above
In a Triumphant Seat appears the God of Love.

6. How Fair, how Glorious is that Sight
Which Charms the Eyes with new delight,
And treats the curious Appetite!

7. Thou like the goodly Palm art ſeen
Tho' compaſt round with weights, and all
Thoſe Plagues which would fore-run anothers fall,
To ſpred thy boughs, and crown thy ſelf with green.
Under whoſe leafs thy Breaſts appear
Like Grapes ith' Noon-tide of the year.

8. 'Twas but a while e're I reſolv'd to ſee
The goodly Tree;
But ſtraight each Branch began to bow the head,
And becken me to a ne're fading bed.
Thy Breaſts are like two Cluſters of the Vine,
Where Milk is ſweetly mingled with the Wine.

9. The words which from thy Palate do eſcape
Are ſweeter than the *Canaanitiſh* Grape.

CHURCH.

CHURCH.

10. Thus I am His——And thus you ſee
How his delight is center'd all in Me.
11. Ariſe my Love, the morning's fair,
The Day-Star ſinks before a greater light
Than that by which it travell'd all the night.
Let's view the Fields, and feaſt in brisker Air:
The little Villages which heretofore
Were humble, deſtitute and poor,
Shall now lift up their Turrets, bleſt,
And fitted for ſo fair a Gueſt.
12. Unto the Gardens we'll direct our way;
The once deſpiſed Paſtures of the Plain
(From which the Wealthy travell'd in diſdain)
Shall now the Summers Garb diſplay
In Green, and Purple, Freſh and Gay,
Under a never-ending day.
Amidſt Pomegranats and the Vines, I'le yield
Each Vow that I have made;
And every Shade
Shall be a Witneſs in the bloomy Field.
13. The *Mandrakes* give a lovely Smell,
Balſam beneath our Gates do's dwell,
Where well repleniſht Baskets hold
The Bounties of the former year,
And Treaſures of the old,
All ſorts of Sweets are here,
All wholly thine——*That favours lent in vain*
Which minds not how to gratifie again.

CHAP.

Chap. VIII.

CHURCH.

1. O That thou wouldst in human shape appear,
And dwell as one of these my Brethren here!
That thou wouldst rend the Firmament above,
And from an Everlasting Throne
Descend in State,
To conquer this unruly Fate,
And take possession of thine own!
How Sweetly would we Kiss!
How great should be the Bliss
Which Crown'd a Brothers and a Sisters Love!
2. I'ld lead thee with my hand, my Arm
Should shelter thee from harm;
I'ld bring thee to my Mothers house, that shade
Which *Solomon* for *Sion*'s Worship made.
Amidst those Mansions we would stay
Till thou hadst taught me how to Pray,
And offer up what thou wilt ne'r despise,
An humble Heart, a lively Sacrifice.
Under that Consecrated Shrine
I'ld treat thee with my Spiced Wine;
Where Grapes (with the Pomegranat)
Should make a Sacramental Feast. (prest
3. Thy left hand [new increase
Of Honour, Wealth and Peace]
Should, like a never-fading Garland, spread
Its tutelary Guardship round my Head;

Thy

Thy right Hand ſhould embrace my Heart.
And guide the Intellectual part;
All Treaſures ſhould be our's; the choiſer things
Of th' upper and the nether Springs.

I charge you, O ye Daughters of the Stem
Of old *Jeruſalem*,
I charge thou by your Modeſty——nay more,
By all that's good, by all that you adore,
If my Beloved ſlumbring lies,
If deep,
If unaccuſtom'd ſleep
Has ſhut his wakeful Eyes,
You paſs by gently, leſt a ruder noiſe
Should chaſe away his interrupted joys.

Daughters of *Jeruſalem.*

CHORUS.

Who's this that haſtens from the rude
Inhoſpitable Multitude,
And leaves the Wilderneſs a more
Unhappy Deſart than it was before?
See how ſhe leans on her Beloved's Breaſt,
And in the midſt of travail finds a reſt.

CHURCH.

'Tis I am ſhe
Who rais'd thee from beneath the Apple-Tree,
There, where thy Mother brought thee forth to (tread
Upon the crooked Serpent's head,

6. O ſet me as a Seal upon thine Heart,
Beyond the reach of undermining Art.
Place me as thou wouldſt place a Sacred tie
Upon thine Arm; for *Jealouſie*
Is unrelenting as the Grave;
Bitter as Death: like an inſulting Wave
Beat by the ſtubborn Tempeſt from the ſound,
It ſtill recoils the more
'Tis toſt upon the ſhore,
Till in its lawleſs ſcope, it overflows the bound;
Like an aſpiring flame
That left deſtruction whereſoe're it came,
It marches on with full ſucceſs
And rides in Triumph o're the Wilderneſs.

7. *No Waters can allay the heat of Love:*
Tho' all the num'rous Fountains from above,
And every nether Spring ſhould creep
To joyn in private with th' unfathom'd Deep:
Tho mighty Lakes ſhould all their Treaſures yield,
And March their Forces to the watry field;
Tho' Seas were heapt on Seas; and every Flood
In open and offenſive poſture ſtood;
Their Proweſs would appear but ſmall,
This Fire from Heav'n would ſoon conſume them all.
If with a free, impartial hand
You crop the Bounties of the flowry Land,
All that the great Creator did produce
For Human uſe,
And fix them in the trembling ſcale, they'l prove
Leſs ponderous than *Love.*

8. We have a little Siſter far abroad,
Who knows not us; a ſtranger to our God;

An

An innocent, an uninſtructed Maid,
By Ignorance, and blinded Zeal betray'd.
Good Brother ſpeak—What Argument ſhall we
Propoſe, to tempt her from Idolatry?
She never heard of trembling *Sinai's* flame,
She knows not whence Prophetick Viſions came,
Alas! ſhe has no Breaſts
To entertain her Gueſts;
Nay, ſhe her ſelf is pin'd; a longer ſtay
Amidſt her empty husks will make her faint away.

CHRIST.

9. Why, thus we'll do; my Father's houſe is large,
His Tables ſtand
Throng'd with the Plenties of a bounteous hand;
There ſhe may freely taſt
Or, if ſhe pleaſe, may take a full repaſt
Without, or Coſt, or Charge.
If her Foundation's fit for *Sion's* Towers,
The Silver Superſtructure ſhall be Ours.
If ſhe be ſtrong enough to bear't, we'll preſs
The deepeſt Myſteries of Godlineſs.
But if the barren Deſart left her more
A feeble Virgin than ſhe was before,
We'll lead her to a Sacramental door;
And ſhew her where Religion's Baſis ſtands;
Why the *Meſſias* muſt be ſlain
By ruder *Jews*, and by the *Gentiles* hands;
There we may boldly tell
The Tidings of *Immanuel*;

And then, leſt haply ſhe revolt again,
We'll there Baptize her, and her num'rous Train.

CHURCH of the GENTILES.

10. I once was Ignorant, and Young;
The Common-Law of Nature was my Guide,
'Twas then I went aſide;
But now can humbly hear a Teacher's Tongue.
Whilſt thus I ſpake, and with a bluſh confeſt
My *Gentile* Folly, all the famous lies
The Learned could deviſe
He ſmiling pitti'd them, and granted my requeſt.

CHURCH.

11. King *Solomon* to ſhew the matchleſs height
Of Glory, Splendour and Delight,
Prepar'd a Sacred place
Which he himſelf might grace;
A Vineyard 'twas, encircled with a Wood,
Not far from *Salem*, where *Baal-Hamon* ſtood:
But this he let to Keepers, who ſhould bring
A thouſand pieces for an offering.

CHRIST.

12. My Vineyard's only mine; 'Tis I am he
Who look's to that; My ſhoulders bear
The Summer's toyl, and Winters care:
But *Solomon*, to thee
The ſacred Court pays tribute, whilſt they bring
Two hundred pieces to the Prieſt, one thouſand
to the King.

CHURCH.

CHURCH.

13. O thou that dwelleſt in that ſacred Shade
(Which for the living Soul at firſt was made,
But now the quickning Spirit's choice,)
Whilſt all thy bleſt companions hear thy voice,
O let not me with ſlothful Ear
Paſs by regardleſs and unapt to hear! (we
14. Haſte, my Beloved, haſte—How long ſhall
Wait for the promis'd *Jubile*?
And when thou rend'ſt the Sky
With ſuch a ſpeed on thy wing'd Chariots fly,
That the chas'd Roe-Buck with his wounds
May ſeem to skip but ſlowly from the Hounds;
And on the ſpicy Hills the Hart may be
(Compar'd to thee)
No more the Pattern of Agility;
Whilſt the ſharp Antlets of his Silver horn
(Tip't with the Golden tincture of the Morn,
And that fair Creſcent o're his ſhoulders ſpred
Vail all their Rays to thy refulgent Head!

CHRIST.

Rev. 22. 20. Surely I come quickly.

CHURCH.

Even ſo come Lord.

THE

Six Days WORKS,

A PINDARICK

POEM.

Being an Ode upon every Days Work, and the Goodneſs of them.

By *John Lloyd*, A. M.

Tradidit Arcano quodcunq; Volumine Moſes. [Juv. Sat. 14.

Ὡς λόγ☉ ἀρχαίων, ὡς Ὑδροχόης διέταξε. [Orpheus]

Pſal. 19. 1, 2.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmament ſheweth his handy work: Day unto day uttereth Speech, and night unto night ſheweth Knowledge.

LONDON,
Printed by *H. H.* for *Henry Faithorne*, and *John Kerſey*, at the Sign of the *Roſe* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard. 1681.

To the Ingenious *Mr. John Lloyd*, on his Excellent *Pindarique Odes*, On the *Creation.*

1.

SInce *COWLEY* died,
(COWLEY, *the Muſes Darling, and their Care*,
COWLEY, Apollo's *eldeſt Son and Heir*,
COWLEY, *ſweet* Albion's *Grief and Pride*,
COWLEY, *the Wonder of the World beſide* ;)
Rivers of Tears, and deep Deſpair
Ever to ſee his Like agen,
Had almoſt drown'd the Iſle, and kill'd the Men,
'Till pitying Fate, and the relenting Gods (*Odes.*
Sent *LLOYD* to fill his place and write *Pindarique*

2.

Odes, that teach us how the Light
Was ſeparated from the drowſy Night;
How the Heavens began to move,
And keep the Floods below from thoſe above;
How the *Sun*, and *Moon* were made,
How the Foundations of the *Earth* were lay'd;
How Infant-Nature at one Birth
Brought Trees, and Plants, and Flowers forth;
How in one Day
The ſmiling *Sea*

Produc'd

Produc'd all sorts of Fishes, Fowls, and Whales;
And then the Fruitful *Earth* all sorts of Animals:
And Man was made to be the mighty King
Of Fish, Fowl, Beasts, and every Creeping thing.

3.

Odes that shall last
'Till the *Creation's* it self is waste,
'Till *Sun*, and *Moon* their *Influence* give o're,
And Day, and Night shall be no more;
'Till *Adam* want an *Heir*, and the last fire
Leave none on Earth thy Measures to admire:
And then,
If men
Advanc'd to Heaven's Seraphick Mirth,
Remember what they did on Earth,
Thy *Odes* shall be their *Anthems* in that Blessed *Quire*.

Thomas Sault.

AN

AN HYMN Of the Goodneſs of the WORKS OF THE Firſt DAY.

LEt all the Great *Jehovah*'s Praiſes ſing;
(Th' Incomprehenſible, Eternal King)
Whoſe vaſt Extenſion none
Can meaſure out, but he himſelf alone;
The only Neceſſary Cauſe;
(Bleſt in Himſelf, and happy in his Laws:)
Who, freely launching forth, has hurl'd
His Active Influence through the finite World,
Whoſe glorious Orb's a Tranſient effect
Sprang from the boſom of this Architect.

Who

Who from Privation, and Non-entity
Gave a Not-Being power to Be,
And made it what we see.
Who wrapt the naked *Chaos* in a vest
(The first stop put to his Eternal Rest)
In six Days Labour, richly wrought;
And to a full perfection brought;
In which a true Existency was found;
Perfect and true; But circled with a bound;
For if compar'd to his Infinity
'T would even cease to be.
A mensurable Quantity it had
And cover'd parts with covering parts were clad:
But this was nothing to the vast extent
Of him who span's the Firmament;
Who gave it Time, and Numbers, to express
The first, and last; th' Expansion more, or less;
But what would Time appear to be,
If plac't i'th' scales with his Eternity!
Or will these finite Numbers rise so high
As to declare his Unity?
Within whose comprehensive Breast
All actuated Essences do rest
As heretofore,
When the Creator's choice was free,
And Things were then no more
Than in a distant Possibility:
And as by him the specious World was made
(Not by its own presumptive Art)
So, should he check the guidance of his hand,
The Fabrick would no longer stand;
Each Engine from his Sphear would start;

Nature

Nature would languiſh in a ſhade,
And all her forces ſoon recoyl, and turn
Their heartleſs ſtreams into the Empty Urn.
Who lay'd the deep Foundations of this Frame
As of the Mother City, where his Name
Should be recorded with immortal Fame.
—He bleſt it, and commanded it to be
The univerſal Seat of Majeſty.
Who by his active Power did place
Each Subject in his proper Sphear,
And has appointed every one his race;
Each Keep's his order, each obſerv's his band;
None at too great a diſtance ſtand,
And none approach too near:
Thus are they quiet in this happy State
Whether commanding or ſubordinate.
Next did he build his Temple up on high
Above the utmoſt circuit of the Sky;
Ingenerable; never more
To ſee Privation, whence 't was rais'd before;
Whoſe roof, like a tranſparent Robe,
Folds up the Univerſal Globe,
And circularly wrap's up all
Created *Eſſences* within the Ball:
Whoſe fixt Foundations are a large extent
Arching, and bounding in each Element,
Whereof the famous *Æther* which we ſee
(And its extrem convexity)
Is lower far
Than the moſt humble of thoſe Manſions are;
Whilſt the whole Ethereal Sphear
Diſterminats the glorious Bodies near

From

From thoſe, who through their ſtages go
(And leave their footſteps in the Vales below,)
Not only by ſtupendious height
And vaſt Abyſs, but by the ſpeedy flight
Of rapid motions which in ſwift cariere
Conquer, and vanquiſh all inferior ſpite
By a triumphant Might:
Whoſe Heat (more piercing than the active
Of *Vulcan*'s Forge, whilſt *Cyclops* tire (Streams
Their brawny Arms with ſmiting at the Fire)
Send's forth its ſearching Beams,
And, boldly entring in, ſalute's each Station
Of the new rais'd Creation;
From which th' Original Production ſprings,
Or final Term, of all inferior things.
Whilſt, *Phœbus-like*, it does diſpence
To *Entities* within the temperate Zone
Its warmer, its reviving influence,
Or like the furious *Phaeton*,
Does in the torrid Climate turn
All things to aſhes in its ample Urn:
And therefore did the wiſe Creator place
Its bounds without the reſt, and ſtopt its force
By a continu'd race,
An equal motive courſe:
Whoſe Heat unto a well-pois'd-Temper came
By mediation of the frigid Air,
Or elſe the clammy Water dampt the Flame
And what theſe two
Could not ſo firmly do,
The ſolid Earth perform'd, within whoſe Breaſt
The ſtrugling Heat is forc't to reſt;

Till

Till Time ſhall lift the Covering from the Tomb,
And this Firſt Born deliver'd from the Womb.
Shall trample on the aged State,
And fire what e're th' Almighty did create:
Till the whole Ethereal Sphear
Shall like an horrid burning Arch appear,
And the low Terreſtrial Frame
End in a n'er ending Flame.
Next did the num'rous fountains of the Light
Break forth from the dark Boſom of the Night
[The eldeſt Offspring of the Heat
As lovely as the Parent, as compleat]
And made the Univerſe their ample ſeat;
By which the heedful Travailer might ſpy
(Through the ſmall entries of an active Eye)
The diſtant Object and the Object nigh;
Whoſe pleaſing Rays
Gave Nature all her praiſe;
Theſe did her dewy Breaſts adorn,
Whilſt new wrought Flowers were ſpangled by
By theſe the Culinary flames unfold (the Morn;
Their ſtately Pomp,& crown themſelves with Gold;
(Parting the Creſt,they wave their Princely Head
And revel o're the aſhes of their Bed.)
On theſe the wondring Infant caſt's his Eye,
And ſmiles (tho' born to trouble) as they fly;
By theſe the furious Herds abroad,
And all domeſtick Animals are aw'd;
Who love the Lightning, and the Flame,
But dread thoſe Fonts from which the Splendor
Theſe op'ned Natur's Secrets to the view, came:
And in a publick proſpect ſet

All

All Merchandizing Wares, (if falſe or true)
Within the compaſs of the Cabinet.
Thus did the ſparkling *Ore* begin to ſhine
Drawn from the Cloſets of the duſty Mine;
And Jewels did their worth diſplay.
By Virtue of th' inſinuating Ray, (brings
Whoſe preſence greets the Morning-Star, and
The wiſht-for-Beams upon its healing wings;
But when it takes its ſober Flight
We dread the ſhades, and languiſh in the Night.
By this, as by a ſacred Scheme, we ſee
What Intellectual Spirits be,
And at a Diſtance can diſcover more
Than Nature e're could lead us to before;
With-out whoſe kinder Guardſhip all Increaſe
Of Splendour, Wealth, Society and Peace
Would quickly ceaſe.
The Glories of our State would fade,
And leave their Beauty to an empty ſhade.

Second and Third DAY.

NExt (*Muſe*) go on, and let thy chearing Layes
Sound forth aloud the Great Creator's praiſe,
Make bare thine own, and crown *his* Head with
Who, by his *Fiat* gave a birth (Bayes
To ſtreacht-out Heavens, and form'd the bounded
Who caus'd th' Imperial Space above (Earth;
(That Seat of Majeſty and Love)
To ſpread its ſpacious wings beyond the fair
(Although Inferior) Regions of the Air;

Who

Who pour'd the Waters forth, and call'd the Streams
Into a deep unfathom'd Flood,
In which he plac't his Chambers Beams;
Sing thou their ample Praiſe, and ſtill proclaim'em good:
This done, Goe on to tell
What on the Neighb'ring Day befell
When the brisk *Æther* with a mighty Flame
Sor'd up above the Low-Terreſtrial Frame;
When various *Elements* began
To rule the World, and afterwards that Span
(Who almoſt governs them) call'd Man.
When *Water*, *Earth*, and *Air*, did firſt agree
In a Kind Conſort, and they Three
Made up a laſting Harmony,
Joyn'd with the *Fire*; which now began to fly
Above the utmoſt Circuit of the Sky;
Like Beauty uncontroll'd, 'twas fair
The more 'twas bandy'd by th' officious Air:
'Twixt this and th' Earth, the Waters move
With a full breaſt, whoſe teeming Waves
Affect the airy ſpace above,
Or gently ſlide to Subterraneous Caves;
Whoſe ſofter miſts by gentle dews repair
The ruins of the Sun-burnt Air;
Or elſe they haſten Natures Birth
By cooling the hot Entrals of the Earth;
Thus theſe four *Elements* became a Soul
To this great Frame, and acted in the whole:
Whilſt in this poſture the new Fabrick ſtood
And the Creator did behold
With his All-ſeeing Eye
Each thing t' agree, Hot with the Cold,

Moiſt with the Dry,
He ſtill proclaim'd 'em good.
But tho' th' aſpiring Flame
Unto the firſt perfection came:
Yet had its Goodneſs ne'r been known
Had it remain'd alone;
For every Climate then had been a torrid Zone:
Which Miſchief to prevent, and ſo allay
The furies of a tyrannizing Ray,
The milder *Air* ſtept in to breath
Its cooling gales upon the things beneath,
Through whoſe thin Breaſt a laſting trade
By thorough-faring-Intercourſe is made;
Through this the greater Lights above
Dart down their Beams; Through this the Waters move
In ſubtil Vapors, which return again,
To bleſs the Hills, and to refreſh the Plain;
By this th' Intelligible Creatures find
A fair Converſe, and freely break their Mind;
By this the dictates of a joyful Breaſt
Are ſoon expreſt;
Or elſe our Sorrows find relief
Whilſt the Tongue helps to mitigate the grief;
By this we reaſon or we ſing
The grateful praiſes of our *King*;
Each Individual Creatur's bliſs
Muſt terminate in this:
From this tranſparent *Element* we hear
The diſtant Troops of Winds to clear
Or cool the troubled *Atmoſphear*;
Whoſe ventous Organs with an untun'd Noiſe
Speak out, or whiſper with a ſofter voice

Thus

Thus theſe ſwift Curſitors paſs fleeting by,
And twiſt about each other as they fly:
To their revenge the Sturdy Oak
Bow's down, and yields his blooming head,
And pay's his Homage with the humble Reed,
The Cedar bends, and anſwer's to the ſtroke;
Or elſe is broke:
Stir'd up by theſe, the frothy Billows roar
And caſt their dirty ooze upon the Shoar.
Thus were the *Fire* and *Air* diſplaid
Next the vaſt Cloſets of the *Deep* were laid,
Whilſt the *Dry-Land* began t' appear,
And make up one Terraqueous Sphear;
Through whoſe dark-quarry'd Paſſages the Flood
Throws out her watry Forces, and renews
The late decay'd Cœleſtial dews;
The Seas, which firſt like liquid Mountains ſtood
Now ſink down to a Plain, (again.
They loſe their ſcatter'd Troops, and Rally them

[That Blood which do's its ſubtile Moiſture breath
From every Vein, and Artery beneath.]
Of theſe rich Bounties all the Creatures taſt
They Drink, and Drink again, but make no Waſt;
Th' unwearn'd Streams run on, and riſe
With new Supplies:
By theſe the Vegetives are truly ſo,
Fixt by the Waters ſide they bloom and grow;
Gay Flowers appear to pleaſe the ſight,
And Condies for the Curious Appetite;
Next to theſe three
The ſolid *Earth* appears in Majeſty,

Clad in her various colour'd Robe
The graveſt Orb, the moſt conſiſtant Globe,
Whoſe deep Foundations are ſo firm, that none
Can ſhake their Baſis, but that God alone
Who fixt it in its Center, as a Throne.
Round this Terreſtrial Frame
Each *Element*
Is Circularly bent,
The *Fire* ſend's forth from its triumphant flame
The briskcr Streams of Light
[That happy ſtop put to the darkſom Night
Of the black *Chaos*] by which Ray
We triumph in the Day;
The *Air* ſtep's in, and with a gentle pace
Fan's the ſcorcht *Earth*, whoſe parch't up Brow
The Sun Beams daily plough
And kiſſes off the Freckles from her Face.
Th' officious *Water* moves in every part
Leſt it ſhould ſtagnat at the Heart;
With theſe pure ſtreams the ſtiff'ned *Earth* anoynt's
Her weary, Her unwildy joynts;
Theſe are the Veins which doe her Boſom grace,
Or waſh the duſty Cortex off her Face;
From theſe th' adventrous Marchant brings his gain
Whilſt with a peerleſs Art he plow's the Main
Cutting the Surges with a trembling Oar
He thruſt's his Cargo to the wiſht for Shoar:
Thus theſe three active *Elements* are ſeen
(Like humble Servitors) to pay
To this their ſtately Queen
(Whilſt ſhe ſits ſolid in her comely plight
Fixt by her Polar ſtay)

As

As well the Tribute of the Night,
As Homage of the Day.
See how this Matron round about her ſpreads
Her fragrant-particolor'd Beds;
Upon her Cheeks the Roſes blow,
And Lilies on her boſom grow,
And leſt within her Womb a laſting night (Light;
Should ſpoil the Babes, brisk Jewels give their
On every ſide ſhe cloath's her ſelf with Green
For fear her Nakedneſs be ſeen.
Thus in the Childhood of the Year
The tender Herb begin's t' appear,
Then next th' approaching Summer interweaves
To mix the curious Bloſſom with the leaves:
Hence ſprang thoſe num'rous heaps of Food
Which the Creator ſtill calls good.
Upon theſe ſtanding Cates the Beaſt
And all the Troops of the Creation feaſt
Whilſt *Man* himſelf is but an humble gueſt;
(*Man*, whoſe corruptive Vehicle at firſt
Sprang from the heaps of the congenerous Duſt.)
Thus is this World become the Stage,
Betwixt whoſe interrupted Scenes have paſt
All Actions of the foremoſt age,
And Paſſions of the laſt;
Till from this Theatre we move
To the great *Æther*, to thoſe Seats above
Where the bright Soul (that glorious Ray)
Shall wed with a perpetual day.
Next load the Altar with a Sacrifice
From haughty *Lebanon*, and *Carmels* pride
From *Baſan's* top, From every Hill beſide,

And from the ſhrub, let hallow'd Fumes ariſe:
Caſt in each fragrant Herb, that ſo the Flame
May carry up thoſe ſmells to Him from whom they came.
How ſweetly do theſe *Animals* encreaſe
In ſtrength and Beauty!—How they grow!
They caſt their Seeds before they die
To raiſe a new ſupply,
Whoſe various *Humors* center in one peace;
O could but ours do ſo!
See how by their innate, and Plaſtick power,
Each Weed, each Flower,
(Tho' void of Intellective ſenſe do raiſe (praiſe
Their well wrought Frames, which if a Pen muſt
To their great worth, let Angels take the Bays.

See how from the low Crannies of the Earth,
The half-loſt Seeds, team with an hopeful Birth,
And blooming, greet the wel-come Spring,
Till the rich Valleys clap their hands, and Sing:
Forth from the Clods they lift their Baſhful heads,
And at the wonted Call, they ſhrink into their Beds.
Theſe Simples were the harmleſs Pride
Of Infant Paradiſe,
When Man was Innocent, and Wiſe;
Old *Adam*'s Food when *Eve* lay by his Side,
The Bridegroom's Cates, and Dainties for the Bride.
From theſe the cooling Sallads ſpring
With Peaſants Food, and Condies for a *King*:
From theſe great *Behemoh* augments his Bulk,
And fraights the mighty Caverns of his hulk:
From theſe the *Vine* puts forth her Bud,
And makes the Husbandman forget the Flood;

From

From these the *Olive*-Branches joy to see
Themselves no Boughs pluckt from a sapless Tree;
The *Corn* now spreads in throng'd-up vales, no more
To be Confin'd unto a private Store.

The Fourth DAY.

UNhappy *Muse*, What profits it that thou
Shouldst still creep o're *Parnassus* empty brow
And Court this *Mesech*? We'll no longer dwell
Amidst the barren Tents of *Ishmael*:
Shall these poor Elements controul
Th' out-goings of an Heaven-born Soul?
Or Sublunary things confine
That Fancy that's Divine?
No: Fit thy self for a prodigious Flight,
And let thy nimble Wings out-stretch
The *Eagles* in her ample reach;
Place thy Triumphant Seat on high,
Till looking from the Circuit of the Skie,
The worthless Corners of the Earth appear
Like some thin Clouds dropt from the *Atmosphere*:
Then view the greater Light;
And see how those Transparent Beams are spred
About his Princely, his refulgent Head;
See how he girds himself with Light,
And gathers Heat by his swift Flight.
Fresh as a Bridegroom, Fresh and Fair
He greets the Bashful, Virgin Air,
Whilst with a goodly Train each Ray
Comes Dancing forth, and Ushers in the Day:
See how with more than a Gigantick force

He meaſures every ſpace
Of his Diurnal Race,
And ſhines in Triumph as he runs his Courſe:
Forth from the ruddy borders of the Eaſt
He mount's his flaming Sphear,
'Till with a ſwift career
He paſſes through the Chambers of the Weſt,
Making the Earth his Court, the Heav'n his Seat,
He leaves no Creature hid from his all-ſearching Heat.
If ſuch are theſe created Rays
What Tongue, what Pen
Of Angels, or of Men,
Can juſtly tell the Great Creator's praiſe!
Next view the goodly Miſtreſs of the night,
View well her manag'd, but her borrow'd, light,
See how (contented with her dusky Reign)
She ſits alone,
And hold's the Scepter in her pallid-throne;
But rules the Earth, and checks the ſwelling Main
No younger at the Change, than ſhe was at the Wain.
Next view the great Artilaries and ſee
How different they and all their glories be!
Like ſparkling Jewels they appear,
But far more bright,
More large, More clear
Than *Diamonds* glittering in the Light;
How glorious is the ſhew! What Tongue can boaſt
To tell the number of this Heavenly Hoſt!
'Tis only thou O God who mad'ſt theſe Flames
Who call'ſt them all by their appointed names;
Their Aſpects we behold from far
Whilſt half an Eye can comprehend a Star;

But

But who could ever meaſure out the Robes
Of thoſe *Cæleſtial* globes
And tell how large they are?
Whoſe Various motions all agree
Tho' they more rapid, than the force
Of Natural Bodies in their ſwifter courſe,
And ſtronger than Spontaneous Spirits, be.

Whoſe order makes an ample glaſs
Through whoſe ſmall entry all our Sands do paſs;
Or like a Clock, beats time to every thing
With-out a Weight, a Pendulum, or Spring;
By whoſe Rotations Night and Day
Make up their ſhort, but their appointed ſtay;
Phoſphor is Herauld to the Mornings light
And *Veſper* call's upon the tardy Night.
The Sun for Seaſons takes his place; (face;
They'r Times which cauſe the Moon to change her
Theſe never did their Meaſures ſlack
But each his Stage fulfill,
Tho' once the frighted Sun went back
And once the Moon ſtood ſtill.
And tho' ſo many Ages ſince are run
Yet ſhall the revolution ne'r be done,
Till worn-out Nature ſhall begin to droop,
Till (now the ſturdy) *Atlas* ſtoop,
And periſh in that Lake
Which theſe—great Fires ſhall make.
Whoſe uncurb'd Heat by a Diviner Pow'r
Shall both themſelves and all things elſe devour.
For as their generation was from none
But a Superior Pow'r alone,

So

So ſhall they never ceaſe to be
Till he confound's their Entitie.
Yet whilſt they wheel about this Earthly Seat,
By th' unknown Vertues of their Heat,
They render every Being moſt compleat.
Whilſt the brisk Atoms of th' Etherial Fire
Step in, to act a while, and ſo retire:
Theſe like a well-led Army march along,
As Orderly, as Violent, and Strong;
No rout in this great Field; each Star
Moves as the ſeveral Conſtellations are;
None do's his Martial Diſcipline diſgrace.
In ſtarting from the firſt appointed Place;
Each keeps his Order, each obſerves his Rank,
(Tho' ſimply, we
May think 'em all in Mutiny.)
Whether i'th' Rear, i'th' Middle, or the Flank.
The Sun, like ſome great General leads the Van,
And Marches from's *Beerſhebah*, to his *Dan*;
Whoſe flaming Troopers Conquer by their Heat,
Or *Parthian* like, leave Wounds by a Retreat.

The Fifth DAY.

NOw *Muſe* deſcend, and take thy flight
From *Piſgah*'s Clouded top, leſt too much
Should blind thy tender ſight; (light
Haſte to the bottom of the Deep
There cool thy Rage, where diſmal Horrors ſleep
In a ne'r ending gloomy Shade,
(Dark as the *Chaos* ere the Light was made)

Into

Into whoſe black *Abyſs*, no Active flame
From Sun-beams caſt, or from the Star-light came:
There (if thou canſt) look to the wide-mouth'd
Of Scaly Fiſhes ſporting in the Main: (train
View well the nimble fray,
See how they Drink, and how they Play; (they.
Yet none more Sober are, none more Reſerv'd than
See how theſe half-wing'd *Animals* do glide
Through Rigid Seas, and turn thoſe Waves aſide
On which the dreadful Navies ride;
Then ſtrait they poiſe themſelves in equal ſtay
[Heavy, or Light,] and ſo they reſt
Like hanging Meteors in the Ocean's Breaſt;
Forth from their Eye-balls comes a glitt'ring Ray,
Whilſt they their Mighty God, and them the Seas obey.
O how ſtupendious are theſe works of thine,
Thou Great *Jehovah*, in this watry Shrine!
Beneath whoſe thin-wrought Coverts, ſmall
And great, innumerable Creatures crawl:
Here go the Ships; Here joyful *Lebanon*,
And *Carmel*, revel in their Cedar Throne,
More happy in this *Element*, than in their own.
Here *Baſan* floats above the watry Caves,
And, Dread-nought like, runs ſporting o're the Waves.
Here huge *Leviathan*
(Terror of Beaſt, and Enemy to Man,
The Ocean's Prince) ſprings from his weedy Bed,
And mounting up his great *Gigantick* head,
Darts frightful Lightning from his Eyes,
Sucks in whole Seas, and mounts 'em to the Skies;
Forth from his Neeſins comes a light;
His Looks are like the Morning, Fair, and Bright;

Out

Out of his mouth go Lamps; As from a Forge
He does his ſulph'rous Smoak diſgorge;
His Fleſh, and each twice-guarded bone
Is hard, as Braſs; his fearleſs Heart
Laugh's at the Shaking of a Dart,
Much harder grown
Than is the Miller's Nether-grinding Stone:
Whilſt thus he toſſes up the frothy Brine;
The ſcales upon his back like forbiſht armour ſhine;
Who can come near him with his double rein,
Or lead him pris'ner with a flaggie chain?
He boldly triumph's when the Battel's near;
Mock's at the Trident, and defy's the Spear. (no good
Haſte, from him, (*Muſe*) his preſence boods
Mount up, and view the Fowls; See how they ſoar
Above the heap't up Waters of a Flood;
Far from the ſandy Shoar
They ſeek their Morning Prey,
And wander till the cloſure of the Day;
Then up the craggie *Cliffs* they creep
And in their quarry'd Neſts ſecurely ſleep
Whilſt the bold Tempeſt makes the Surges fly
And the rude Billows grapple with the Sky;
Unmov'd they ſit amidſt the frothy throng
Of Boyſtrous Waves, and multiply their Young;
Bleſt *Animals*! Who would not ſtand the Shock
When thus immur'd, and circled in a rock!
Next view the Feath'rd Quire abroad,
And hear them Singing praiſes to thy God:
Mark how they warble forth their thrilling notes
And chant with uninſtructed throats.
The *Crane*, the *Stork*, the *Swallow*, all
Obſerve the great Creator's call And

And (free from human Crimes)
Condemn the Vices of the later times.
Obſerve the goodly *Oſtrich* how ſhe ſprings
From ſandy Clods, and ſhakes her ſpacious wings;
Hoyſting her Sails ſhe cutts the trembling Air
And leave's the well-Horſt Hunter in deſpair;
Now here, now there, ſhe know's no certain road
No home, but ſhift's her lodging ſtill abroad:
Monſter of Fowls! No pitty's in her breaſt, (Neſt.
She lay's her reaking Eggs, and ſtrait forget's the
Can thy dull ſight
(Unwildy *Muſe*) purſue the *Eagles* flight,
And track her ſtemming of the morning-light.
In ſheets of Clouds ſhe wrap's her ſpotted Breaſt
And mount's aloft to th' borders of the Eaſt.
Whilſt thus ſhe upward fly's
The dusky Skys
Are gilded with the luſtre of her Eyes.
When ſhe behold's the dawning of the Day,
Her well ſet *Orbs* caſt forth a ſparkling Ray
More fair than they:
In her quick gyres ſhe view's the bloody War,
And ſmells the wounded Carcaſs from afar,
Thither her hungry Young ones flock
From cloudy Hills, and from the craggy rock;
Amidſt the ſlaughter'd heaps ſhe ſeeks her food,
And her flusht Eaglets glut themſelves with blood.
Next turn thy Optick Glaſs
And view the ſmalleſt Inſects e're did paſs
The Cenſure of an headfull eye;
See how they crawl, and how they fly!
Obſerve the little *Gnat*, whoſe filmy Wings
(Like

(Like well-wrought Webs) out-ſtrip the Wind,
And leave the dreadful Hurrican behind:
Forth from the miry heaps he calls his Train,
All ſhout amain,
And keep their Rendezvouz above the plain.
Thus when from Neighb'ring Kings,
The Scout his Information brings,
This ſounds a March, That a *Battalia* ſings.
[Great God, who mad'ſt each wheel within this Frame
To turn about, and Magnifie thy Name,
O let not Man (inſtructed in thy Will
And ſens't by a Diviner light)
Forbear to Act aright,
Tho' all things elſe ſtood ſtill!]
To this Creator therefore let us raiſe
An everlaſting Song of Praiſe.
And ſtep by ſtep exalt him, like as he
Has Magnifi'd his Creatures by degree.
Who in himſelf, is one perpetual Act,
(A pure pneumatic Eſſence) in whoſe Breaſt
By a continuous Tract,
All things that are, or ever were, do reſt.
He firſt, himſelf contemplates, then the Grace
And lively Ray of his Eternal Face.
Oh how Tranſcendent's the Delight;
How pleaſant is that Beatifick Sight!
To other Beings firſt he gave a Life.
(*As Animals*) and taught 'em how to thrive;
With Intellective Man they took their place,
As the rude Image of a better Face;
His Repreſentatives, as he
Was but a Ray of the Divinity.

But

But tho' the goodneſs of this Claſs had been
Beyond all comprehenſion, great,
Majeſtick, Spacious, and Compleat,
Yet would its Gayety be ſtill unſeen,
Unleſs Almighty Providence had bleſt
Every Self-moving *Animal*, each Beaſt,
Each Fiſh, and Fowl, with Beams of Light
To Actuate the duller ſight;
And made Man *Surveyor* of the reſt.

The Trees had then bow'd down their Heads in vain,
And dropt their Bounties on the flow'ry Plain.

The great Apothecarie's Cruiſe
Made up of every *Simple*'s Balmy juice,
Had dri'd away for want of uſe.
No reach had ſcan'd the Vertues of them all;
But *Cedars* far'd alike, with th' *Hyſop* on the Wall.
Thus bleſt, theſe Creatures live, and move,
Contemplate, and enjoy each others Love:
Senſible Natures unto theſe do pay
(Like Mute Attendants) Homage every day,
Who (tho' entire within themſelves) were made
For th' others Uſe, Mans Intereſt and Trade;
For what had Intellective Spirits been,
Or Senſitive, had theſe remain'd unſeen,
By the more judging, or leſs heedful Eye?
Theſe Claſſes had been good, But who ſhould tell you why?
Each Mortal then had took his range
Through the well furniſht Allies of the Change
But all in vain;
(As Blind men wander or'e a flow'ry Plain)

W'

W' had ſet theſe Dainties ſoon at nought;
(Tho' ne'r ſo delicatley wrought,) (bought.
Where nothing tempt's the Fancy nothing's
Yet is the ſmalleſt Inſect better far
Than all Inferior Natures are;
Whoſe active Soul
Expand's it ſelf, and animates the whole;
Happy with Life, with Life and motion bleſt,
(Which the bold Engineer could ne'r impart
To the beſt Machine e're was made by Art)
Whoſe cunning Spirit Keep's a conſtant Feaſt
Within the Module of its little Breaſt
And is to every *Senſible* a dayly Gueſt.

Theſe under Natures live; But Know not why
Contented if they flouriſh, or they dye;
'Tis nothing to themſelves what e're they have:
In all their virdure there's no Mirth;
No dancinig at the Birth;

No mourning (only Baldneſs) at the grave.
Bleſt Emblems of our Contentation made!
To whom the Spring
(With healing on its wing) (Shade!
And Autumn ſeem alike; the Sun-ſhine, and the
[Thus did, of old, the humble Goard
Bow down his Head to the commanding Lord;
Whilſt peeviſh *Jonah* haſten'd to complain
And turn'd his bitter Language back again
To that Great God, who plagu'd him with the
By theſe the Natures Senſitive (Pain.
Are duly kept alive,

And

And in their Middle Station feed
(From the ſtiff Cedar, to the trembling Reed)
Upon the faireſt Flow'r, and the moſt noyſom (Weed.
On every Hill and Dale a Banquet's ſpred
Of Green, White, Yellow, or of Red;
Whilſt the pure Spring rejoyces at the Feaſt,
And purles alike with, or without a Gueſt.
But what are Theſe to Man, whoſe nobler Soul
Cull's out the beſt, and yet enjoy's the whole?
Who after all his tedious toyl
In tilling of the ſtubborn Soyl,
Draw's from the ſwelling cluſters of the Vine
The wholſom Chalices of Wine;
Revives the Heart, and makes the Face to ſhine,
Eats both the Olive, and the cheering Oyl,
And heapes his Treaſures up from a continu'd ſpoyl!
With this their Lord The *Senſitives* are bold;
And daily correſpondence hold;
By Signs they ſpeak their Notions from a far,
Whilſt deep fetcht Sighs
Plead like the Tongue, and woo like weeping Eyes,
And Interjections ſhew how great their Paſſions are!
Which (more than empty rudiments alone
Of Mans articulat ſublimer tone)
May rival fair Eſſays of Eloquence,
And Umbrages of Intellective Senſe.
See how theſe all upon their Centry ſtand,
And mark each turn of this their *General*'s hand:
At a ſmall beck they come; & fly at a command;
All to his Polity reſign
Their horrid, their unmeaſur'd force;
The hard-mouth'd Horſe

Draws in the Creſt and does his Head ſubmit
To the weak Rider's flexile Bitt,
And *Behemoth* himſelf, is guided by a Line.
[The Great Creator will'd it to be ſo:
We by our God, the Scepter ſway:
Theſe by their Nature, muſt obey;
What leſs can ſubjugated Creatures do?]
Thus theſe ſupport the Grandure of their King;
The *living Lions* (tamer grown)
Bow down their Backs beneath th' Imperial Throne:
The greater Herds the leſſer tame;
And they themſelves become each others Game:
Whilſt thus they labour, or they ſport,
Each do's his petty Profit bring,
Or Pleaſure to the Court.
Thus they diſarm themſelves, that Wars may ceaſe,
And Man grow great in Plenty, and in Peace.

The Sixth DAY.

NOw let the goodly Sons of *Adam* bring
The Treaſure of their lips, and learn to ſing
The Notes of this great *Chorus*; Let 'em pay
Their Homage for the laſt Created Day,
To the right Author, that Eternal King
Who meaſur'd out, and weigh'd, and order'd every thing.
Who gave a ſingle Eſſence unto all
From the great *Behemoth*, unto the ſmall
Inferiour Inſect—Theſe he bleſt
(Whether of Fowls, of Fiſhes, or of Beaſt)
And call'd them good, he made them to agree
(Tho' ſingle in themſelves) in mutual Polity.

But

But what of *Man*? —Let him adore that Name
Who breath'd into the ſenſeleſs Clay
The Breath of Life; Inform'd it with a Flame
Beyond the brighteſt Ray
That e're from Sun-beams, and the Cryſtal came;
Made it his Image, and in this alone
Epitomiz'd the whole Creation.
To this (Their Lord) the ſtuborn Bruits ſubmit,
Their tender mouths, and tamely chew the bit;
Spurd on by ſlaviſh Fear
Theſe in their ſeveral Claſſes move
Which way ſo e're
The Maſter thinks it fit to ſteer,
Whilſt he 's led on by Love.

Thus do theſe all, tho' in their different ways,
Help to ſet forth the Great Creator's Praiſe,
Whilſt the whole *Orb* within its ample Round
Does like a well tun'd Cymbal ſound;
And we beholding all theſe things below
(Whoſe Bounties overflow
The Paſtures of our Tents, yet are but Toys
Compar'd to everlaſting Joys)
Cry out with Angels, and begin
To imitate the Seraphin;
'Thrice Holy Lord of Sabbath! ever bleſt
'Be both thy Works, and thine Eternal Reſt. (abroad
'Throughout the Heavens thy Glory's ſpread
'All Kingdoms of the Earth acknowledge thee their
(God.
Next are our Voyces lifted up on high
With humble Thanks for our *Humanity*.

By which we differ from the faireſt Wight
That draws the Breath,
Or flouriſhes beneath
The Mornings chearful Light;
From the rude Herds of Beaſt, from every thing
That moves the Fin, or ſhakes the nimble Wing.
Thus was th' *Intelligible World* compleat;
This plac'd the *Senſible* in's proper Seat;
In this, as in a large *Eſcutcheon*,
All Natur's *Families* are drawn;
Each Houſe is quarter'd out, whoſe Coats may be
Blazon'd by our *Humanity*.
Wherefore, ſince tender Mercies thus combine
To bleſs the naked outward Shrine,
And make the ſubtile Soul Divine,
In holy meaſure let's go on
And ſing with *Jeſſe's* famous Son
(Whilſt Harps, and Hearts agree)
This his ſublime *Doxologie*.

Pſ. 139. 14. 15. 16. *v.*

'To thee (O Lord) I offer up my Praiſe,
'Who from the ruddy clods of *Eden's* breaſt
'Didſt this prodigious Fabric raiſe,
'And gave'ſt it Motion tending to a Reſt.
'How fearful are theſe Works of thine,
'How clearly do thy Glories ſhine
'Upon this dark'ned Maſs of mine!
'Thy piercing Eyes my Subſtance did behold,
'Through the thick Curtains of the Shade
'Thou ſawſt when I was caſt into the Mold,

'And

'And knewſt full well what thy great Hand had
'Thus was this [illegible] *Embrio* to Perfection brought, (made
'Thus were my Members richly wrought,
'Whoſe little Parts, e're they Subſiſtence took,
'Were view'd by thee, and written in thy Book.
Thus through my frank Creator's Grace
I now begin to take my petty place;
And (ſprang from blind Privation) wander free
Amidſt the joys of *Poſitivitie*:
And (tho' the Product of a later Age)
Am yet as happy in my Pilgrimage,
As They who pluckt the bloſſoms of the Prime,
And feaſted on the Infancy of Time,
As much concern'd in my great Lord, and He
As equally regarding me
As if all human Iſſue ceas'd, and none
Was breathing on the Earth but I alone.
'[Lord what's this little Worm, This Span,
'This Flow'r, this *Gourd*, this Thing of Nought,
'What is his frail, his brittle race, (call'd Man?
'That thou ſhouldſt ſuch a Shadow grace!]
He that begat me knew no more
My Shape, if Male, or Female; Blind, or Lame,
Than did his aged Sire before;
'Twas only thou (my Father) ſaw'ſt the Frame
Within thy Breaſt, and call'dſt me by my Name
Before old Time began, which e're full ſpent
Redeem'd me from my Mother's Tent;
Where I lay hid ith' bowels of the *Earth*
Inſenſible, ſcarce tending to a Birth;
Thence didſt thou bring me up to tread the Stage
In a moſt proper, a beſeeming Age.

How wonderfully are the little Beams
Of this new model'd Temple layd,
(The Shrine of a true Veſtal *Fire*
Which once incenſt can never more expire!)
How pleaſingly do theſe meandring Streams
Meet all in one! How are the Veins diſplay'd
'Twixt interweaving Nerves! How does the whole
Encreaſe its Stature, whilſt the active Soul
With a ſublimer influence
Unlock's the private Doors, and uſher's in the Senſe!
Thus am I now my ſelf; and ſo ſhall be
In Time, and in Eternity
One Individual Subſiſtency.
And ſo am put in queſt by a ſhort taſt
Of that great Bliſs which will for ever laſt;
When this Ethereal Flame ſhall force its way
Through the thin ruin'd Walls of Clay,
When ſoreing up on high
(Above the ſpann'd out circle of the Sky)
We enter that Triumphant Place
Which know's no Bounds, and entertains no Space:
There Garlands ſhall be made
With Flowers that never fade;
There, whilſt the Angels Scepters bring
Each Saint ſhall be a King,
And luſtily his *Hallelu-jah* ſing.
There every happy Member ſhall be fed
(Stor'd with the Bliſſes of *Eternity*)
By a cloſe Union with the Head;
There ſhall the Eye begin to ſee
What the dull Ear
Could never fully hear;

Or

Or narrow Heart conceive, and this
Is the Soul's bleſſed *Apotheoſis.*
Such was the ſtate of Man at firſt
Ere the beguiling Serpent was accurſt;
Ere Curioſity, and Pride
Deceiv'd the ſilly Bridegroom and the Bride:
But when the Fair-Forbidden-Fruit began
To tempt the Woman, who ſeduc'd the Man,
Then came thoſe horrid Monſters in,
Sickneſs and Death, the Conſequence of Sin:
This brought a diſſolution of the whole;
A ſelf-confounding *Chaos* to the Soul:
This marr'd at once the Six days work; and worſe
(Had not th' offended Goodneſs been
A Sacrifice for the offenders ſin) Curſe.
Had ſtab'd the blooming race with a ne'r ending
Bleſt therefore be the *Trine-hood*, Three in One,
Great *Elohim*! The Father, Son
And Holy Ghoſt; whoſe Works were more
In this one Act than all the reſt before.
Behold two Kingdoms now together meet,
Mercy, and Truth each other greet, (Feet.
And lay their blooming *Palms* at the *Redeemers*

FINIS.

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